

JANUARY

25

1956

2/-

HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN

NEW PORTRAIT
by
CECIL BEATON

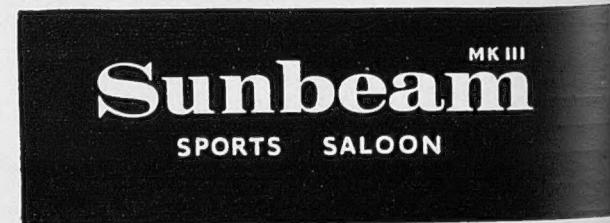


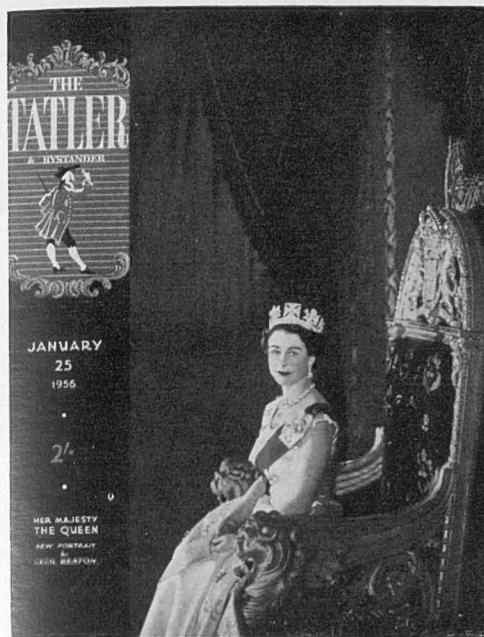
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H.M. THE QUEEN is seen on our cover this week in a new photograph by Cecil Beaton, taken in the Ballroom at Buckingham Palace. She is wearing a white silk dress with the sash and Star of the Order of the Garter, a diamond diadem, a diamond necklace and her personal miniatures, the upper one being of her father King George VI. Her Majesty and Prince Philip, who fly to Nigeria on Friday, will carry with them as always the good wishes of her people everywhere on their journey to Africa

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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From January 25 to January 31

Jan. 25 (Wed.) First night of *Plain And Fancy* at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Boxing at the Royal Albert Hall: England v. Scotland (Amateur).

Racing at Plumpton.

Jan. 26 (Thurs.) Princess Margaret attends the film première of *Helen Of Troy* at the Warner Cinema, Leicester Square, in aid of the Dockland Settlements.

Racing at Wincanton.

Concert: London Mozart Players at the Royal Festival Hall.

First night of *The Darkling Child* at the Arts Theatre.

Jan. 27 (Fri.) The Queen and Prince Philip leave London by air for the State visit to Nigeria.

Southdown Hunt Ball at the Town Hall, Lewes.

North Warwickshire at The Shire Hall, Warwick.

V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) at Bingham Hall, Cirencester.

Racing at Kempton Park and Manchester.

The Duchess of Kent attends a performance of *The Magic Flute* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in commemoration of the 200th anniversary of the birth of Mozart.

Jan. 28 (Sat.) Blue and White Ball at the Dorchester Hotel.

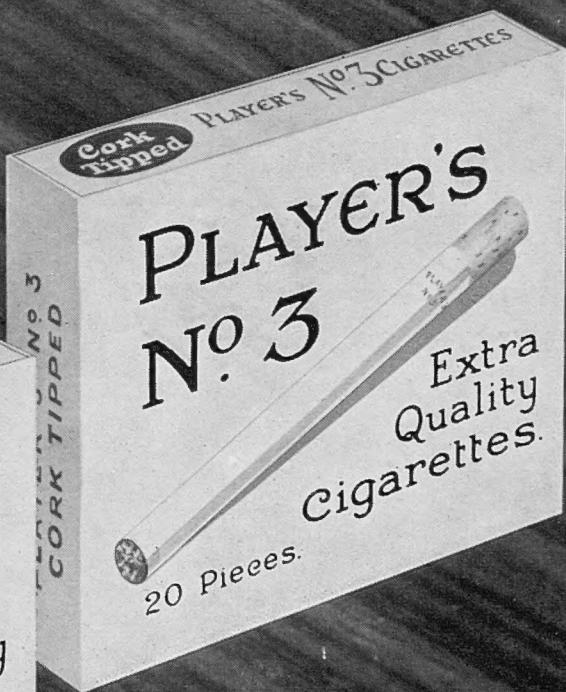
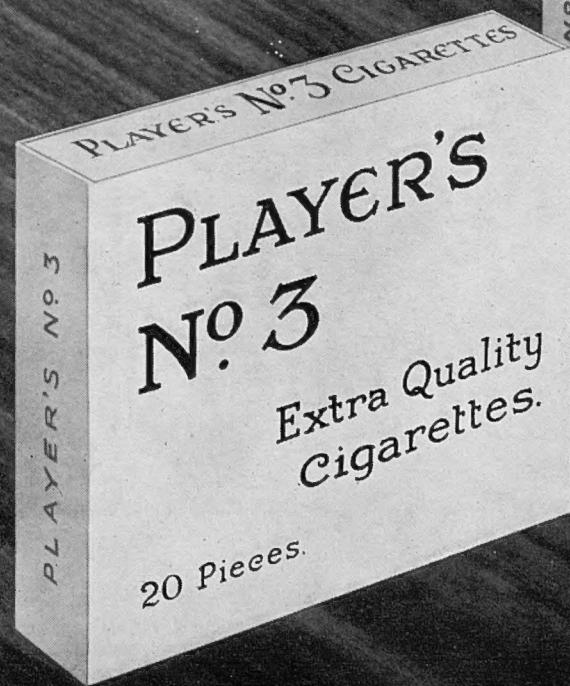
Racing at Catterick, Warwick, Kempton Park and Manchester.

Jan. 30 (Mon.) Racing at Nottingham.

Concert: Boyd Neel Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall.

Jan. 31 (Tues.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visits the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, to make a presentation to Sir Kenneth Barnes on his retirement from the Academy.

For special occasions



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Baron

To be a July bride: Miss Theresa Crossley

MISS THERESA CROSSLEY is the daughter of Mrs. Anthony Crossley and of the late Mr. Anthony Crossley, M.P., and a granddaughter of Sir Kenneth Crossley, Bt. She is to marry this summer M. Alain Camu, son of M. and Mme. Louis Camu. Her fiancé, whom she met while he was studying

at Oxford, is now working for a degree at Louvain. The wedding will take place at Combermere Abbey, Whitchurch, her grandfather's house in Shropshire, after M. Camu has taken his degree. Miss Crossley is a talented artist and illustrates children's books. She is also interested in house decoration of every kind

GRANDDAUGHTER OF A FIELD-MARSHAL

CAROLINE LONGMAN, elder of Mr. Mark and Lady Elizabeth Longman's two daughters, was born in 1951 and has a baby sister Jane, born in July last year. Her mother is the elder daughter of Joan, Countess of Cavan, and of the late Field-Marshal the 10th Earl of Cavan. Her father is a director of Longmans Green & Co., Ltd., the oldest publishing house in England. He and his wife are also joint owners of a travel business and are off to West, Central and East Africa next month.



Eric Coop

Social Journal

Jennifer

SENHOR KUBITSCHEK AT THE PALACE

WHEN H. E. Senhor Juscelino Kubitschek, President-Elect of the United States of Brazil, was received by the Queen at Buckingham Palace during his very brief visit to London, Her Majesty invested him with the Insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire.

After his visit to the Palace the President-Elect attended a reception at the Brazilian Embassy which the very charming Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. de Souza-Leão Gracie gave in his honour. Here His Excellency met that gracious and gallant Royal lady, H.H. Princess Marie Louise, with whom he had a long talk, during which Her Highness told him how much she had enjoyed her visit to Brazil some years ago. This was one of the most brilliant diplomatic parties for some weeks, most of the Ambassadors at the Court of St. James's being present, also Cabinet Ministers, members of both Houses of Parliament and many of their wives.

The Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps in London, the Norwegian Ambassador, and his very charming wife Mme. Prebensen, were

trying to get through the big crowd of guests to greet the President-Elect, and I met the French Ambassador and Mme. Chauvel, the Belgian Ambassador and the Marquise du Parc Locmaria, the Philippines Ambassador and his very neat and chic young wife Mme. Guerrero, and the new Argentine Ambassador and Mme. Candioti, who is very busy supervising the redecoration of their Embassy in Belgrave Square. The former Argentine Ambassador, Señor Derisi, was also at the party greeting many friends.

I MET Mr. Gavin and Lady Irene Astor talking to Mme. Gracie, who as always was a splendid hostess and had enrolled her two very charming daughters, Veronica and Betty, to help her look after the very large number of guests. The Marquess and Marchioness of Reading were there, also Lord Killearn and his pretty and vivacious wife, Mr. and Mrs. Terence Maxwell, Mr. "Kim" and Lady Hermione Cobbold, and the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Scarbrough, who, earlier in the day, had by command of the Queen met the President-Elect at London Airport. I also met Margaret Lady Ebbisham who has recently taken up her duties as extra

lady-in-waiting to Princess Marie Louise, Sir Charles and Lady Bruce-Gardner, Sir Campbell Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. Tobolsky and Sir Ronald and Lady Gainer.

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A NEW René Clair film is always an event in the cinema world. His latest creation, *Summer Manoeuvres*, at the Academy Theatre is enchanting. M. Clair and Mlle. Michèle Morgan, the lovely and talented French star who plays the lead in the film, were both present at the gala première, and at the end appeared on the stage to great applause. The audience that evening included the Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Hägglöf, the latter looking extremely chic wearing a bouffant vieux rose taffeta evening coat over her evening dress, the French Ambassador and Mme. Chauvel, and the Belgian Ambassador and the Marquise du Parc Locmaria.

Prince and Princess Yourka Galitzine, the latter wearing a beautifully worked mink coat over her pleated white chiffon dress, sat in the front row of the circle next to the Earl and Countess of Harewood. I met Mr. Oliver Messel who has been up to his eyes in work

since his visit to Buganda, where he went with the Kabaka when the latter returned to his country in the autumn. Also in the audience were Elizabeth Countess of Bandon and her daughter Lady Jennifer Bernard, Lady Sudeley talking to Mrs. Paul White Thompson, and the Hon. Mrs. William Ekyne, who with her husband had spent Christmas with friends in the south of France. At the end of this month they are flying out to Jamaica by B.O.A.C. on the direct route via Bermuda and Nassau.

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THE Ambassador received a stream of guests at the Libyan Embassy in Princes Gate at the reception he gave in celebration of his country's Independence Day. The actual anniversary is on December 24, so the party had been postponed for a few weeks. Here again were many members of the Diplomatic Corps, some of whom I have already mentioned, and members of both Houses of Parliament. Mrs. Eveleigh Nash was an early arrival, and I met the Mayor of Westminster, Councillor Patrick Stirling, and his very attractive wife who were, incidentally, both also at the Brazilian Embassy reception I have already written about.

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NUMEROUS distinguished guests from the Senior Service and from the medical world attended the marriage of Mr. Kenneth Evers to Miss Felicity Ingleby-Mackenzie, only daughter of Surgeon Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander and Lady Ingleby-Mackenzie, which took place at St. James's Church, Piccadilly. The ceremony was performed by the Ven. Archdeacon Coulshaw, who had christened the bride, assisted by the Dean of Rochester, both Hon. Chaplains to the Queen, and the Ven. Archdeacon J. S. Brewis.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of parchment velvet, with a train of family Brussels lace mounted on tulle. Her tulle veil was held in place by a wreath of jasmine. She was attended by a retinue of eight children. The two pages, Robert Hunter-Jones and William Firebrace, wore parchment silk shirts and lace ruffles with the kilt of the Mackenzie tartan. The bridesmaids wore parchment velvet dresses with wreaths of cream flowers on their heads. They were Liza Anderson, Belinda Bailey, Philippa Johnstone, Diana Parker, Diana Whitworth-Jones, and Georgina Wynyard.

An unusual setting was chosen for the reception. This was the Royal College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where



THE BRAZILIAN EMBASSY was the scene of a reception in Mount Street for the President-Elect of Brazil, Senhor Kubitschek, who was paying a flying visit to this country. Above: The President-Elect with Mme. Suazo, wife of the Honduras Chargé d'Affaires

the bride's parents and the bridegroom's stepmother, Mrs. Timothy Evers, received the guests in the fine Council Room. Lady Ingleby-Mackenzie looking particularly charming in a wine red velvet dress and little velvet cap to match. As guests waited to go in to the reception they were able to look at the magnificent portraits and bronze and marble busts of many of our greatest surgeons.

ADMIRAL of the Fleet Lord Fraser of North Cape proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom in a sincere and apt speech. He said he had known the bride's parents longer than he could remember, and not only was he one of Felicity's godfathers but she was christened in his ship, H.M.S. Effingham. Two other godparents, Commander Felix Johnstone and Mrs. Geoffrey Hart, were also present. The latter, who wore Lanvin's black velvet coat trimmed with sapphire mink, was accompanied by Mr. Nate Cummings who had flown over from Palm Beach especially for the wedding, arriving the night before. He was flying back twenty-four hours later in time for a party he was giving in honour of Sir John and Lady Rothenstein.

Guests included the Third Sea Lord, Admiral Sir Ralph Edwards and Lady Edwards, Admiral Sir William and the Lady Elizabeth Davis, Lt.-Gen. and Mrs.

Campbell-Hardy—he is Commander-General Royal Marines—Viscountess Daventry, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Sir Gordon Gordon-Taylor, Viscountess Buckmaster, Lady Plender, and Lord and Lady Pender with their daughter the Hon. Mrs. Dent and her husband, who was one of the ushers. Lady Pender, very good-looking in a mink coat and little velvet hat, and her daughter had just returned from ten days at Sandwich where, she told me, they had had gales and really terrible weather.

Sir Norman Gwatkin I met talking to Sir Horace Evans and his very pretty daughter, Jean, who looked charming in a black and white printed silk dress. Dame Beryl Oliver was meeting many friends who had served with her in the V.A.D. during the war including Mrs. de Pass, who had her two pretty daughters, Sally and Jill, with her.

MR. COLIN INGLEBY-MACKENZIE, who had been an efficient usher at his sister's wedding, and Mr. Francis Cumberledge, who was best man, were going round greeting friends at the reception. Lady Savile was there and told me she had received a cable from her son, Lord Savile, who is making a world tour, saying he had arrived safely in Singapore. She was accompanied by her youngest son, the Hon. Henry Lumley-Savile.

Others at the wedding included Sir Harry Platt, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Lady Platt, Sir Harold and Lady Graham Hodgson, the Hon. James and Mrs. Remnant, Mrs. Graham Bailey, and her younger son David, Admiral Sir Philip and Lady Clark, Lady Anne Brewis, Admiral Sir Frank and Lady Mason, Lady (Stuart) Bonham-Carter and her daughter, Joanna, Lady Palliser and Surgeon-Capt. W. V. Beach and his wife and daughter.

The bride and bridegroom left for their honeymoon in France, Spain and Portugal, and are fortunate in having a delightful house to return to in London.

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NEARLY 600 guests were present at this year's Young People's Ball, held for the first time at Londonderry House. The ball, which is becoming an enjoyable annual event in the Christmas holidays, is run by a very hard-working committee to raise funds for the League of Pity, the junior section of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of which Her Majesty the

[Continued overleaf]



Mme. de Vincenzi, wife of the Second Secretary at the Brazilian Embassy, in company with Mrs. Charles Wilson



Mr. Paul Grey of the Foreign Office, Lady Gainer, wife of Sir Donald Gainer, a former Ambassador to Brazil, and Mrs. Grey



Desmond O'Neill
The Philippines Ambassador and Mme. Guerrero were among the several hundred guests who were present at the reception

Continuing Social Journal

A great evening for youth

Queen and the Queen Mother are patrons, and Princess Margaret the President.

The event took place from 8 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. and the young people there varied in age from about fourteen to eighteen years old. Mrs. George Courtauld was once again President of the ball and brought a big party, and Mrs. John Carras was the very hard-working chairman. She had done a great deal to make it such a tremendous success. Mrs. Penry Thomas was chairman of the catering committee and had worked wonders in that section, while Mr. and Mrs. K. L. Hall very kindly lent all the equipment and gave a lot of the food. All the other food, most of which was home made, had also been generously given so that the charity would benefit as much as possible without a lot of "overheads."

COUNTESS HOWE, who is also on the ball committee, brought a big party, as did Lady (Timothy) Eden whose youngest daughter, Elfrida, was one of the prizewinners for one of the novelty dances which gave so much enjoyment. During the evening Moira Lister, looking extremely pretty in Balmain's pale blue embroidered tulle dress, presented the prizes.

Mrs. Carras and her husband had a big party including their son, Costa, who is at Harrow, and Mr. Robin Butler and Mr. Richard Melville, who like Costa are both sixth formers at Harrow. I was interested to hear that all three boys have just won major scholarships to Oxford, a very fine effort. Also in Mr. and Mrs. Carras's party were Mr. and Mrs. Brian Neal and her teenage daughter, twin brothers the Hon. Patrick and the Hon. Michael Morris and their sister the Hon. Clodagh Morris, pretty Miss Carolyn Caird, Mr. Robin Gibbs, Miss Caroline Rhodes and Miss Angela Huth, who is a débutante this season.

Mrs. E. Baker with her Etonian son and a group of young friends joined up in a party with Mrs. Speelman and her party. Mrs. Baker, who also ran the tombola most efficiently, had herself collected all the wonderful prizes that were on it. Prizes were widespread, the ratio of winning tickets being one in four. Among the lucky people to win one was Miss Venetia Quarry, who with her mother Lady Mancroft had joined up with Mrs. Peta Stocker's party.

I MET those enchanting twins Miss Tessa and Miss Marina Kennedy; the latter I had noticed a little earlier dancing with Lord Dundas. They came with their aunt, Mrs. Vane Ivanovic, whose elder son, Ivan, was in the party which also included Mr. Tony Fraser and Mr. Charles Oliver-Bellasis.

Other young people enjoying this ball included Miss Sarah and Mr. Timothy de Zoete who came with their mother, Mrs. de Zoete, Miss Caroline Nares, pretty in green, Mr. Jonathan Riley Smith, Miss Elizabeth Cross, Mr. David Russell who was in great form, and Miss Janet Mackintosh, dancing with Mr. Timothy Horn. There was a wonderful cabaret, very kindly given by Channing Pollock, the clever magician, and Julian Slade with his brother Adrian.

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FROM friends in Mürren I hear that Sir Arnold and Lady Mabel Lunn are staying at the Palace Hotel and are expecting her cousin, Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery



THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BALL in aid of The League of Pity was held this year at Londonderry House. Mrs. George Courtauld was president and Mrs. John C. Carras chairman of this successful social occasion in aid of the Junior Section of the N.S.P.C.C. Above: Miss Dominie Riley Smith, Mr. George Courtauld, Jnr., Mrs. George Courtauld, Miss Angela Wright and Mr. Samuel Courtauld on their arrival

Mr. W. Tucker, the surgeon, Miss Pauline Drayson, and her godmother Mrs. E. Mann on arrival at this well-organized ball

Miss Diana Tubbs, Mr. Peter Terry, Mr. Ian Tubbs and Miss Shirley Orchard-Lysle were eagerly opening their tombola tickets



Mr. Jonathan Riley-Smith, Miss Patricia Malcolm and Miss Elfrida Eden, who is the youngest niece of the Prime Minister

Mr. D. M. Backhouse, Miss Susan Hall, Miss Diana Parker-Jervis and Mr. Peter Ward were among the five hundred guests

of Alamein, early in February. With him will come teams of skiers from N.A.T.O. who will compete for the Inferno Cup, presented by the Field-Marshal. The Lunns have had their son, Mr. Peter Lunn, and his wife and their six children spending the Christmas holidays in a chalet at Mürren, and Sir Arnold has been busy imparting some of his invaluable knowledge of skiing to his grandchildren.

Viscountess Allenby is staying at the Eiger, where Mr. and Mrs. Peter Nugent and her sons, Lord Carlow and the Hon. "Bun" Dawson-Dormer, have also been spending their holiday.

Lord Beaverbrook's grandsons Timothy and Peter, sons of the late Hon. Peter Aitken, have been staying at the Palace and getting quite proficient on skis. Their uncle, the Hon. Max Aitken, and his lovely wife, are going out to Wengen at the beginning of next month to ski. Max Aitken's birthday, which he celebrates around the middle of the month, was the occasion for one of the best parties in the Bernese Oberland last year, and his many skiing friends are looking forward to him celebrating it once again in Wengen.

THE Scaramanga roped race proved great fun for spectators and competitors. It was staged on the Palace run and south slope and was won by Col. Digby Raeburn, chairman of the Kandahar Ski Club, and Mervyn Thomas. The Junior Kandahar Championship had plenty of entries and was won by Winchester schoolboy Mike Collett, who had come over from Wengen for the event. Miss Caroline Doran-Webb was second in the race, Peter Spauld of Repton third, and David Dollar of Eton fourth.

The latter has been spending the holidays at the Palace Hotel with his mother, Mrs. Peter Dollar, and his sister. He was one of the five juniors, who also included E. C. Harding, R. A. M. Watson, Rose Ann Watson and Mark Petre, who went over to Gstaad to train for three days under Miss "Sos" Roe for the British Junior Championship, which was won by Robert Skepper who is at Stowe. Skepper won both the Downhill race and the Slalom, with John Selby who is seventeen, the same age as the winner, runner-up.

The Girls' Championship here was won by sixteen-year-old Miss Elspeth Whitley, at school in Switzerland, with Miss Elspeth Nicoll, who is at Benenden, the runner-up.

At Wengen, too, there have been plenty of races for young people. F. Doran-Webb and the Earl of Suffolk tied for first place in the Finnigan Cup with Miss Verity Lawrence third. Other news I have from Wengen is that two of our Members of Parliament, Sir Peter Roberts, M.P. for the Heeley division of Sheffield, and Sir David Robertson, who represents Caithness and Sutherland, spent part of the Parliamentary recess holidaying at the Palace Hotel at Wengen, where Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Brorster make you so comfortable and give such a wonderful welcome to their visitors.

Lord Stamp's charming American-born wife and their two sons, Trevor and Richard, have also been enjoying a holiday here. The Hon. Mrs. George Lane, who recently bought Elsfield Manor near Oxford from Susan Lady Tweedsmuir, and is a zoologist and writer of considerable distinction, has a chalet at Wengen full of young people including her four exceptionally attractive children, all of whom ski well. Mrs. Lane's sister-in-law, Lady Rothschild, with her seven-year-old daughter Emma, Baron Ferdinand de Goldschmidt-Rothschild, who lives in Basle, Sir Anthony and Lady Rumbold with their children, Mr. and Mrs. Jock Gibbs and their twin daughters, Mrs. James Ford and her son and daughter, Ian and Fiona, and Mr. and Mrs. Percy Illingworth with their daughter,

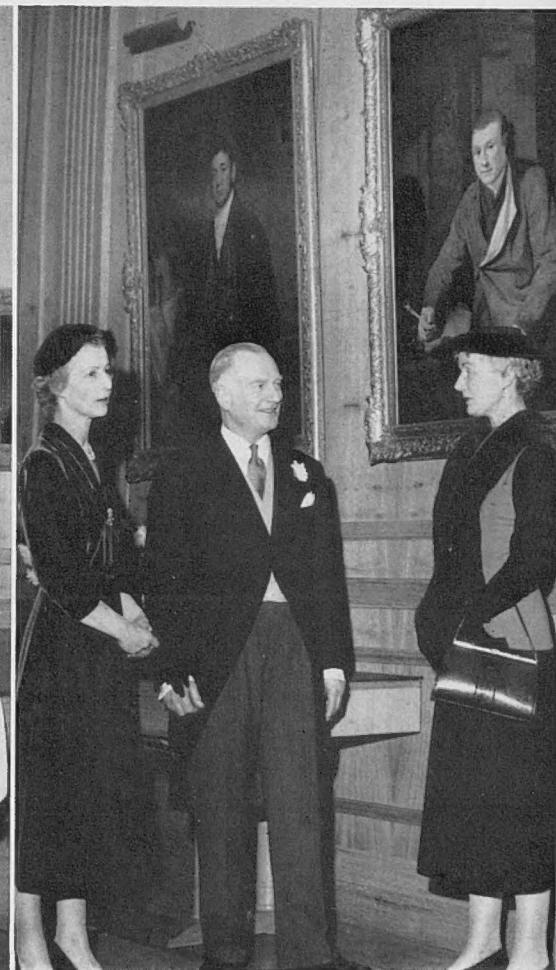
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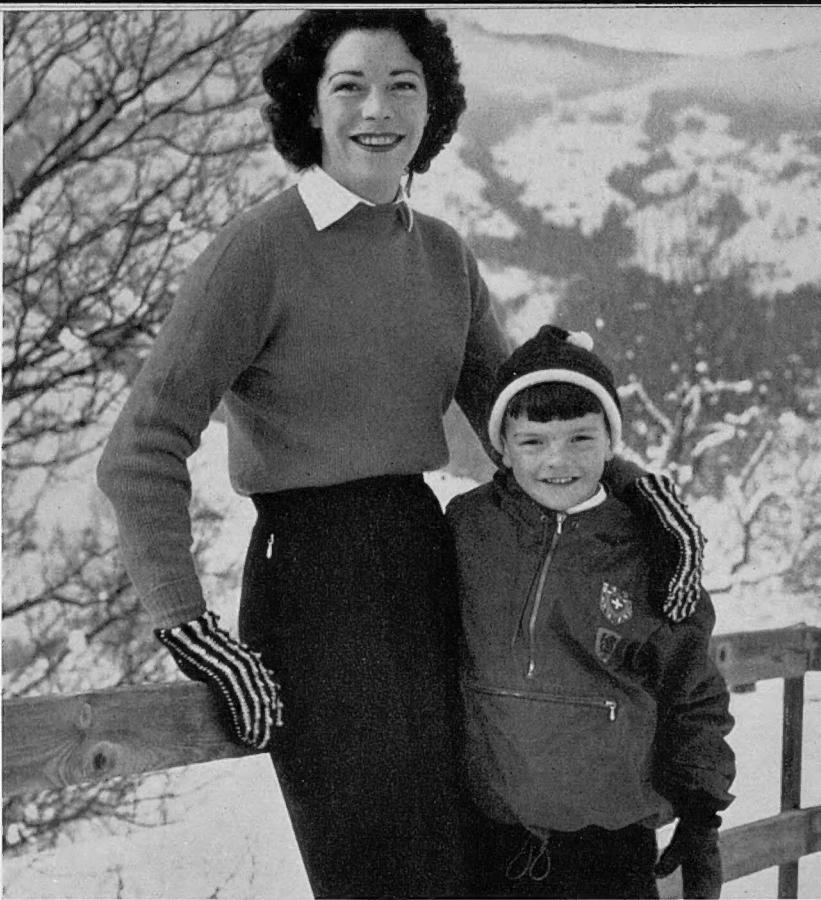


AT ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY, Mr. Kenneth Austin Evers married Miss Felicity Jane Ingleby-Mackenzie (above) and the reception was held afterwards at the Royal College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The bridegroom is the elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Evers of Little Somerford, Chippenham, Wilts, and his bride the only daughter of Surgeon Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander and Lady Ingleby-Mackenzie

Two of the child bridesmaids, Lisa Jane Anderson and Georgina Wynyard, sitting under one of the fine portraits in the College

Lady Ingleby-Mackenzie, Surgeon Vice-Admiral Sir A. Ingleby-Mackenzie and Mrs. Timothy Evers, the bridegroom's stepmother





Broderick Haldane

AT GRINDELWALD IN THE BERNSE OBERLAND. Comtesse van den Steen de Jehay (above), formerly Lady Moyra Butler, daughter of the late Marquess of Ormonde, is seen with her six-year-old son, Gerard Steen de Jehay. The Comte and Comtesse spend the winter season at Grindelwald, where they have a charming chalet each year



Miss Adeline Pryor, from Hemel Hempstead, who won the Duchess of Kent Cup at Grindelwald



Miss Jocelyn Wardrop-Moore and Miss Zandra Novell, two members of the British women's team

Miss Sue Holmes, Miss Angela Carr and Miss Jean Stanford, also of the team, set out for practice

Nicky Bagshawe and Vicki, daughter of Major and Mrs. Andrew Drummond-Moray



Continuing Social Journal

A record broken on the Cresta

Janet, and his niece, Mary Illingworth, are others who have been in Wengen this month. Also Lady Joan Zuckerman, Lady Swinfen, Mr. John Bath, Counsellor at the British Embassy in Paris, and his pretty wife, and Rear-Admiral and Mrs. George Collett with their son, Michael, who is skiing so well this season. The Collets are now living in Versailles, since the Admiral is at S.H.A.P.E.

My news from St. Moritz is mostly of racing on the Cresta which, as I write, they are riding only from Stream on a very fast piste, though they hoped to be riding from Junction in a few days. There was great excitement one morning when the young Marquis of Portago, who has been staying at the Palace Hotel with his lovely wife, equalled Johnny Crammond's record of twenty-nine seconds from Stream. It has stood since 1931. The previous day he had won the Baron Oertzen Cup (from Stream).

Other riders who have been going down when possible have included Prinz von Constantin Liechtenstein, the Hon. Ben Bathurst, the Hon. Derek Moore-Brabazon, the Marquis de Marino and Mr. John Schlesinger. The Marquis of Portago has had the Spanish Olympic Bob Team with him in St. Moritz, but they were not able to get much practice together owing to the bad weather and lack of early snow to build the bob run.

Mr. Keith Schellenberg was also there with the British bob team, and the Polish team was expected, too, to put in some practice before the Olympics which are due to begin at Cortina tomorrow, January 26.

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FROM Grindelwald, too, comes news that they have been badly in need of snow. The Women's International Ski Championships took place here, but, alas, without any British girls winning. The race for the Duchess of Kent Cup, which was run over the difficult Egg-Bort course, was won by Miss "Addy" Pryor. A fine pre-war skier who came over here for a one-day visit was Mrs. William Tomkinson, the former Helen Blane, who is now in Cortina where she is to act as one of the judges. She, together with her mother, Lady Blane and her young family of four, have been spending their winter sports holiday at Villars in the Vaudois Alps.

Visitors to Grindelwald are delighted with the newly-opened Grand Hotel Regina which is owned and most efficiently run, I hear, by Mr. Alfred Krebs, who was for some years at the Ritz Hotel in London. Mrs. Andrew Drummond-Moray was in there having tea one day accompanied by her sister Mrs. Mary Bagshawe and their children Gina, Sandra and Vicki Drummond-Moray and Nicky Bagshawe. They have all been staying with Mrs. Willi Steuri, daughter of the late Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland. Also in the party was Miss Lucy Drummond-Moray, sixteen-year-old daughter of the Laird of Abercarnie and his wife who is one of the twin daughters of the late Lord George Montagu-Douglas-Scott, that gifted historical writer.

Many friends have been visiting Comtesse van den Steen de Jehay in her home here. The Comtesse, who was Lady Moyra Butler, and her husband the well-remembered F.I.S. skier with their six-year-old son Gerard, live during the winter in two enviable miniature chalets on the hillside a short way out of Grindelwald village, which has the most beautiful view imaginable.



A. V. Swaabe

PINEAPPLE BALL WAS OLD STOICS' TRIUMPH

THE Pineapple Ball, held at the Grosvenor House in aid of the Stowe Club for Boys which has H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester as patron, was a most enjoyable event. Above: Miss Grace Schweitzer, Miss Susan Clark, Mr. Anthony McCaffry, Mr. David Walker-Heneage, Mr. James Newton and Miss Edina de Marffy-Mantuano looking for the lucky pineapple



Mr. David Higham, who was a committee member and Miss H. Boucher



Mr. John Napier and Miss Susan Hanbury were among the young guests



Mr. and Mrs. Tim Odhams. The Stowe Boys Club has been in existence since 1927

Miss Elizabeth Limbrick, Mr. Sandy Campbell and Mr. and Mrs. Ian Traill were chatting by the dance floor

Mr. D. Duckworth (chairman), Miss M. Williamson, Mrs. D. Kitching, Mr. D. Kitching and Miss E. Tebbutt





Pinetum leading the field to the first turn during a race on the Belmont Park racecourse. Visibility from the large grand stand is superb. Accommodation at this course is shortly to be improved at a cost of £15,000,000



Finish of the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont Park this season, with Nashua winning from Thinking Cap and Mark's Puzzle

RACING GOES AHEAD IN AMERICA

GEOFFREY CROSS, a prominent figure in the world of racing and horse shows, here gives an account of progress on the Turf on the other side of the Atlantic

THE Big Apple is an American term derived from baseball to denote the top league, and it is no surprise therefore that it has become an affectionate description amongst racegoers in the States to describe the Belmont Park racecourse, which has celebrated its Golden Anniversary this season. Belmont Park is, indeed, the "tops," situated as it is on Long Island close to New York, and covering an area of 450 acres.

Racing in America has during the past few years gained an ever-increasing popularity, but it is a sport of some antiquity, having started as long ago as 1665, when the first English Governor of New York, Governor Nicolls, inaugurated a race meeting on a section of Long Island known as the Hempstead Plain. He named the course Newmarket, an obvious link with his homeland, and presented the first town racing trophy, a silver porringer. Another trophy of this era is now in Yale Museum, and bears the inscription "1668. WUNN. ATT. LANSTEAD. PLANES."

So through the years until May 4, 1905, when under the Presidency of August Belmont II, Belmont Park opened its gates for the first meeting, and racing had arrived in New York State in a big way.

It would appear that no effort was spared, when the course was laid out, to make appeal to the comfort and visibility of the spectator, but the stands, since largely rebuilt and modernized, are to be completely scrapped, and once again rebuilt at an estimated cost of some £15,000,000. This amazing project is to ensure that Belmont is brought right up to present-day American standards.

THE course itself is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles round, and one can see the horses every inch of the way, which, alas, isn't always so in this country. The Widener Course, the equivalent of our straight, is $6\frac{3}{4}$ furlongs, and 140 feet wide at the start. Inside the main track runs the steeplechase course, and it is of interest to note that on every day's racing one of the card of eight races is given over to the jumping fraternity. This arrangement appears to work very well, and keeps everyone happy.

Great attention and care is given to the gardens which surround the enclosures. The paddock side of the grandstand, I noticed, was bordered with English boxwood and yew, six foot high standard geraniums and hydrangeas, petunias, stocks, snapdragons and many other plants. On inquiry I was told that their own greenhouses raised some 70,000 plants annually, and the centrepiece of the paddock is a magnificent white pine. The whole effect, with beautifully mown lawns, is most attractive. The modern starting gate (as the Americans will call it),

unlike our own, consists of individual stalls behind the tapes, perhaps not unlike the starting traps used on greyhound tracks. I gathered that this was the outcome of the 1893 Derby, when the field was at the post for ninety minutes before the starter could get them in line!

Belmont has parking facilities for 15,000 cars to meet a problem even more acute than it is on this side of the Atlantic, their own printing shop, where 60,000 cards are produced for the big days, and film patrol towers around the course, to check the Stewards' observations.

There are many other items I could mention, but I will content myself with only the training quarter. It appears to stretch for acres, and includes a separate one-mile training track, stabling for some 2,000 horses, and living quarters for nearly 700 stable lads, with really wonderful accommodation.

FAT racing in America virtually never stops—the country being so vast—and during the second week of November the East Coast season ends, and there is a general exodus to California, New Orleans and other centres. The cost of keeping a horse in training would appear to us to be prohibitive, the first-class trainer being able to command between 15-18 dollars a day per animal, excluding veterinary attention and shoeing. This, at the present rate of exchange, means some £40 a week, but one must not lose sight of the stake money offered. For instance, at Belmont between September 21—October 19 this year, nineteen races run during this period had 615,000 dollars added money, and the average prize money exceeds £2,000.

Off the course betting is illegal, and the general public never see or hear of a bookmaker. I have no doubt they exist under cover, but for all practical purposes the Tote is the only means of staking a bet. The individual course receives four per cent, and the State and County Tax eleven per cent of the turnover. Last year, I was informed, the State of New York benefited to the tune of 44 million dollars, while £700,000,000 found its way through the tote at all meetings held in America last year.

Nasrullah, that great sire bred by the Aga Khan at Sheshoon in Ireland, heads the winning stallion list this year with total earnings of over 1,000,000 dollars, a truly remarkable figure. Nashua, his best son to date, has had a wonderful year, and it is sad that the sudden and tragic death of his late owner, William Woodward, Jnr., at so early an age, should have removed one of the most popular and leading personalities of the American Turf. This great stable has now come up for auction, and Nashua made the fabulous price of 1,251,200 dollars—(£446,785). This alone gives one some indication of present-day values of bloodstock in the States.



Roundabout

Paul Holt

REAT controversy has broken out at the revelation in Robert Blake's book* that Mr. Asquith, Prime Minister of England, was found by Bonar Law playing bridge on the morning of Whit-Monday, 1916, when the country tottered on the brink of disaster. His daughter, Lady Violet Bonham Carter, denies the truth of the story, saying that her father never played bridge until after dinner.

I see no point to this. What a Prime Minister does is to make decisions, and when he has made them it makes no difference whether he plays bridge in the morning or canasta at night. I think that Mr. Asquith, as he then was, behaved in a

proper manner and his memory should not be scolded.

The man who succeeded him, when that war was going so badly, Mr. Lloyd George, was to my mind a perfect example of this point. I remember having breakfast with him at the North British Hotel in Edinburgh in 1917. I was aged nine and the battle of Messines was going on. Lloyd George spent the morning talking to my father, while I got on with my hot porridge, with sugar. But suddenly he turned to me and began to tell me nonsense stories. There was a great charm about this volatile small Welshman and I let my porridge cool. All the while a battle that could have decided World War One was going on. But there was nothing he could do about it.

My father told me that when the great German offensive of 1918 (why do the Germans always have a fling when the war is lost?) began, his Cabinet colleagues telephoned L.L.G. at Downing Street.

"Why call me now, there's nothing I can do until tomorrow?" said the little man. And went back to sleep.

BUt how much worse was the situation of another Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, whose power had been taken from him. Britain was in even greater danger in World War Two and he was at Eastley in Worcestershire, sitting over the bridge table playing patience and doing crossword puzzles, with the radio on. Every time this rheumatic old man heard the National Anthem played he would

stand to his feet. He was out of the swim, yet greatly desired his country's survival. Attack and contumely have been heaped on him, perhaps with justice; but the picture of that old man, crippled and lonely, standing up to the anthem on the radio and so interrupting a good game of patience (red on black), arouses a profound feeling of pity. The world in flames and he putting red on black.

★ ★ ★

MR. CHRIS BRASHER, the brilliant young British runner who has played such a fine part in the resurgence of our sport this year, has a good point to make. He says that if at the Olympic Games at Melbourne objection was taken to the professionalism that has come into running and the champions from behind the Iron Curtain were barred, he would go out of training.

He claims, I think rightly, that international sport is so important in the world today that there is no point in pretending amateurism any more.

By so pretending this country must lag behind others in the big contests that lie ahead.

Amateurism, it seems to me, does not depend upon the money paid to an athlete. All athletes receive money nowadays in one way or another. But the essence of the problem is training facilities. Says Brasher: ". . . this is the real crux of the matter, the athlete from this country will be at a considerable disadvantage by lack of training facilities. In any one year approximately three-quarters of Great Britain's athletic team comes from the Greater London area. Are we better specimens physically or mentally than the Northerners or Scots?

If we lived in Manchester or Glasgow most of us would have retired long ago because of a lack of training facilities." Is that not what Prince Philip has been musing at these past five years?

★ ★ ★

COUNTRYFOLK say this will not be a hard winter. Their reasoning springs from observing how the mice have built their nests, with the holes pointing north.

When I heard this I was not impressed by the lore, but it was worth hearing because it brought back to mind that splendid old ditty from the *Punchbowl Revue* of the 1920s:

"Mouse, mouse come out of your hole
And I will give you a golden bowl
And you shall sit on a tuft of hay
While I will frighten the cats away . . ."

Beatrice Lillie sang it.

★ ★ ★

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL has been asked to accept the freedom of Colchester. If he does so, there goes with the honour the right to shoot polecats in the vicinity.



MR. CHRISTOPHER MACKINTOSH, B.A., who has for many years been one of the leading figures in amateur sport in Britain, is now out at Cortina with his sons Charlach and Douglas, team member and reserve respectively in the British ski-ing team. At the last Olympics his daughters Vora and Sheena (now married) were among this country's ski-ing representatives. Such a remarkable "family foursome" in one of the most difficult of sports was preceded by Mr. Mackintosh's own distinguished and versatile career, in which he became Public Schools Doubles Tennis Champion, was awarded his Blue in both Rugger and athletics, and was an Olympic representative, and a member of the British bobsleigh team which won the world championship in 1937. He graduated from University College, Oxford, to industry, and is now a successful publicist and film company director.



THE WEST NORFOLK HUNT was honoured by a visit from the Queen Mother, Prince Charles and Princess Anne when they met at Hampley Dams, Hillington, Norfolk. The Royal party drove over from Sandringham for the meet and are seen talking to the Master, Major R. Hoare, M.C.

At the Races

SABRETACHE

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, STIFFEN UP THOSE FENCES

THE 1956 entry for the Grand National encourages a discussion as to whether anything can be done about decreasing the far too high casualty list, which, however, is not any higher today than it has sometimes been in years gone by: in Shaun Spadah's year, for instance, when the winner was the only animal to get the course without a fall.

We are practically sure to hear the usual outcry about "murderous" fences and so forth or a demand for the abolition of this historic event. Hysteria is a bad pilot at all times, and never gets anyone anywhere! In this matter the fences are not entirely to blame, big and formidable as they are. There are also those other contributory causes, the short stirrup and the insane pace at which they go at the first obstacle.

WHEN horses have been galloping over a lot of obstacles that only *look* stiff, and through which they have discovered they can brush with impunity, and then are faced with fences that not only *look* stiff but *are*, there can be but one result. The remedy? Not to cut down the Grand National fences and thus completely destroy the nature and character of that great contest, but to stiffen the "trial" fences.

The Mildmay Course at Aintree was designed to achieve this end, but I wonder whether it has. It is only about as stiff as Cheltenham, and has been available for many years as a schooling course for the big ones. Again, would anyone be bold enough to assert that because a horse has thrown the Cheltenham Gold Cup behind him, that he is therefore a patent safety for the Aintree adventure? Of course not! The real and obvious

remedy for reducing the high casualty list at Aintree is to bring the rest of the steeplechase courses nearer to its level, and make any horse that aspires to win any chase anywhere really go over the top instead of just trusting to luck as so many of them do and have done in the past. This is not to suggest that we should build courses like the Flemington one in Australia used to be: unbreakable posts and rails, plus two stone walls with a log bolted along the top, 4 ft. and 4ft. 1 in. respectively; but to adopt fences that have got to be fairly and squarely jumped instead of waded through. This would decrease the grief, not only at Aintree but all round.

A HORSE, be it remembered, has a very retentive memory, and also is not so brainless as some people may imagine. If he were taught that the obstacle he sees before him is not

just an ornament to the landscape but has to be surmounted, how much safer the exhilarating game of steeplechasing would be! In Australia they used to look a bit askance at any horse that had not the "trademarks" of his profession on his hind cannon bones—callouses. Disfiguring, but very good records of his having been through the mill. That was from hitting the timber, over which, amongst others, Lindsay Gordon used to ride.

I SUPPOSE everybody remembers that well-known line, "In the front of the battle we heard the rails rattle"? But not break be it remarked. Since Gordon's days I understand that they have softened things very considerably and that Flemington is now but a ghost of its former self. I wonder whether this is all to the good. I am all against anything being done to encourage carelessness, and from the snapshots that we get in our daily papers it is obvious that a good many horses think that they can do as they like. This is not good for them or for the pockets of those who back ride.

It is bad horsemanship to "hot" anything unduly, but I am sure that his jockey would be wiser if he let him know when coming to a big place that something was really afoot. It is better to make them jump a yard or two too far, and half a foot too high, than leave them with the impression that they can just do as they please.

Many of these horses we see running today would be all the better for having a sharp pair of spurs on his rider's heels. I am all agin the sloven, and have never found him worth four pennyworth of coppers.





THE HEYTHROP MET AT BLENHEIM

ON a clear and frosty morning recently the Heythrop met at Blenheim Palace, near Woodstock, Oxon, when their hosts were the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. Above: the field moves off, led by Capt. Ronnie Wallace, one of the joint-Masters, who is huntsman



Capt. D. Evetts, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Blandford, his son, and Lady Rosemary Muir, his youngest daughter



The Duchess of Marlborough talking to the joint-Master, Lt.-Col. R.C. Barrow, as the pack waited for a thaw

Priscilla in Paris

A LONG, LONG TUNNEL

WHEN I wrote last, France was in the throes of voting, and many of us were desperately worried as to whom or what to vote for. The main idea seemed to be, and still is, that "things must change!" But how, when and by whom they were to be changed nobody really knew.

Those superior creatures who thought they did, looked Machiavellian and kept silent. This may have been a safe stance but was also a selfish one. Now we call their bluff, for even these clever ones share the gloom, puzzlement and sadness that generally prevails. We realise that, being simple souls, we had expected a miracle. Of course we know that France has come through worse times, and that sooner or later she will tighten her braces and come out from under. Meanwhile, we agree with that very wise and grand person who is President René Coty, that the whole sorry business is still a "bonillon de sorcières" (witches brew). We add, gratefully, that he, probably, is the one man in France who can prevent the cauldron from boiling over and whose tact and diplomacy may calm down the disturbers of the peace . . . or do I mean pieces?

Now that mugginess is replaced by chilliness and the gutters are small torrents of melted snow, we are preparing to make sentimental pilgrimage to the Alma Bridge. Stoutly supporting one of its arches the stone effigy of a French soldier, a *zouave* of the Crimean War, is awaiting our sorrowful adieux. Several Paris bridges are being renovated to meet the modern requirements of urban traffic. All very right and proper, but when gutters are flooded it is a sign that the river is rising, and when the river rises the *zouave* of the Pont de l'Alma is our trusted friend. While the water merely ripples round his toes, all is yet well, but we are a little anxious; when it slaps above his once-white gaiters we pale, and riverside dwellers begin to move all that is perishable from their cellars; when it reaches his powder flash they ring up the water brigade. It has become a case of all hands to the pumps and set the goldfish free! But the Alma Bridge is to go and, though it has been promised that the *zouave* will be placed elsewhere, we are weeping.

NEW YEAR gift from the City Fathers to Paris takes the form of a few more of their pet new motor-buses. Unfortunately the patrons of what the eloquent French language calls "*transports en commun*" do not like these umpteen-wheeled vehicles. The automatic doors, that are operated by a ticket-puncher



Brodrick Haldane

MISS DARIANE FIRMENICH in the garden of Creux de Genthod, the beautiful lakeside home near Geneva of her father and stepmother, M. and Mme. Andre Firmenich, which they lent to President Eisenhower for his H.Q. last year. Miss Firmenich is eighteen and does welfare work in Geneva. She is also a talented artist. M. Andre Firmenich is a well-known figure in the international yacht-racing world. The family also have a fine old chalet at Gstaad, in the Bernese Oberland, where they entertain extensively during the ski-ing season



The Pont Marie

who sits at the entrance in a little glass-house at which we may not throw even anathema, have a sly way of nipping one's heels as one gets out and one's coat tail as one enters. The delay on the rear platform, pending one's turn with the puncher, is exasperating and, if one is not going far and the bus is crowded, one literally has to fight one's way past the gangway straphangers in order to reach the exit doors in time.

Given that economy of wheelbase (I hope that my colleague Oliver Stewart will forgive me if this is not the technical way of putting it!) is of vital importance in the present state of town traffic, it seems that the City Fathers are "having us on" with their juggernauts.

IN order to go from one extreme to another, this is the moment to write about the miniature car I saw recently in the toy department of a big Paris store, rated as a "one-ninth-horse-power." It was complete in every visible detail, from windscreens-wiper to head and tail lights and, I was assured, all internal organs. It can do 30 kilometres an hour and it costs 150,000 francs.

The idea seems to be that this will be safer than a bicycle for the use of schoolboys. Of all the daft, barmy, wicked . . . but I prefer to keep further comments to myself, otherwise I might get into trouble.

DURING the weeks that preceded the elections the *chansonniers* were informed that they were to cease making topical allusions to politics in their songs. Since, in France, *le ridicule tue* and a *chansonnier's* aim is to make his victims ridiculous, this measure may count as a bid for fair play, but what a gloom it casts over the innumerable little *boîtes* of Montmartre. Now our masters of satire are getting their own back, if only in recounting the following story.

An inoffensive tourist, who was taking a souvenir photograph of the Palais Bourbon (National Assembly), found himself somewhat peremptorily "moved on." He had not noticed, or, perhaps, he was too innocent to notice, that just as he was focusing the building, a group of those little donkeys, on which children take rides in the Luxembourg gardens, happened to have halted for a moment in front of the entrance gates.

The traffic cop on duty was not taking any risks!

Haut culture

• The Master (Sacha Guitry) avers: "A cultivated person is someone who knew about Toulouse-Lautrec before he saw the film *Moulin Rouge*!"



Brodrick Haldane

ON THE NURSERY SLOPES. Above: Mrs. John Ransome at Wengen with her six-and-a-half-year-old son Philip. They live at Roydon, in Essex. Below: Lady Rothschild and her seven-year-old daughter, the Hon. Emma Georgina Rothschild, who were also visiting Wengen. Lady Rothschild, M.B.E., M.A., was formerly Miss Teresa Mayor and married the third baron, who is chairman of the Agricultural Research Council, in 1946



At the Theatre

ALAS, POOR ARIEL

Anthony Cookman

Illustration by Emmwood

BEEROHMH TREE'S opinion, when he read *Peter Pan* and refused it for His Majesty's, was that "poor Barrie has gone out of his mind." And in Anthony Hope's "Oh, for an hour of Herod!" there was not even a touch of pity for an author who was causing him agonies of embarrassment. Tree's managerial timidity and the savagery of Hope's *mot* seem strange to us, for we are in the position of historians, and we know that from the far-off December of 1904 until the present time the thing has been "a perennial delight."

Its nature is so well known that it would be a mere waste of space here either to analyse or describe it. All we have to do is to make it clear that the latest production at the Scala is, judged by modern standards, up to the mark.

Mr. John Fernald's direction is conscientious, Miss Peggy Cummins is a boyishly heroic Peter and Mr. Frank Thring a stealthily malevolent Hook. In short, all is fine and dandy—according to modern standards; but it is our duty as historians to point out that modern standards have rather played the devil with a play that ought to go with the rhythm of a dream fantasy. It tends to go these days with the bumpy movement of a realistic tale of adventure.

THE declension has come about not so much through unimaginative production as through the difficulty of finding the right actress. My own first Peter was Miss Pauline Chase. She, I am told, lacked the elfin grace of Miss Nina Boucicault, but she was, as I remember, a very spritish boy. I missed Miss Fay Compton, who must at least have been very Barrie-ish, but I had the good luck to catch Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson. This was a Peter throwing finely back to the original, a creature belonging so gravely and beautifully to the world of Ariel that she gave the impression of having been born expressly to embody (if that is not too coarse a word) the figment of the dramatist's fancy. I cannot believe that we shall ever see her like again in the part.

Her successors have mostly claimed descent from the Pauline Chase branch of the family, but the traditional figure, half-boy, half sprite, has gradually been debased and Peter is usually played now as a boy who is nothing but a boy. We are lucky if we don't get a Principal Boy. Miss Cummins is well on the right side of that monstrous perversion. She is pure boy, human, likeable, heroic. She is at her best in the lagoon scene, and very good again on the deck of the Pirate Ship when she rescues the dauntless children.

IT is not unreasonable, I think, to complain that the playing of Peter has got on to the wrong lines in recent years, but the temptation to compare modern Hooks to their disadvantage with the Hook of Gerald du Maurier must be resisted. That first Hook was a piece of virtuosity, a wonderful stroke of luck for the play. Those who saw du Maurier drawn on in the sled with his hatchet face upturned to the limelight can never forget the perfect rightness of the effect, nor can they forget that continuous burlesque of Irving in old nautical melodrama given on the quarter-deck while the dread plank was being run over the side.

But virtuosity is irreproducible, and Mr. Thring must not be submitted to the unfair comparison. He is extremely good in his way—a slightly decadent way, as though James Hook rather fancied himself as the reincarnation of an elegant French king, proudly tossing his full black wig and lisping horrible threats with blood-curdling glances which have a hint of inner misgiving. Mr. Russell Thorndike is good fun as the bloodthirsty Smee, and Miss Rosemary Scott makes a gracious figure of Mrs. Darling.

"PETER PAN" (Scala Theatre). Peggy Cummins as "the boy who wouldn't grow up" wages perpetual war with the rip-roaring pirate Captain Hook (Frank Thring) and his confederate Smee (Russell Thorndike) who is addicted to song and bloodthirsty deeds, while Wendy Darling (Roberta Woolley) remains faithful as ever to her beloved Peter and the "Never Never Land".





Houston Rogers

A BALLOON AND THE BALLET symbolise the excitement and allure of a great city to the prim country girl just arrived from New England. This is the New York Ballet scene from *A Girl Called Jo*, the successful musical adaptation of *Little Women* at the Piccadilly Theatre. Joan Heal, who plays the lead, is seen with crinoline and travelling basket in the centre of the stage

Television

A CHORUS OF "AYES"

SELDOM have I seen such an uneasy discussion programme as Associated Rediffusion's "Is Television a Good Thing?" Neither subject nor panel seemed ripe for the challenge. By their presence the speakers were self-evidently interested parties. Henry Sherek was interested particularly in TV's effects on the theatre, Mr. Chuter Ede in its connections with education, Professor Richardson in its uses for exhibiting pictures.

Only Leslie Mitchell was interested in TV, but none of them came near to grips with the question. Nor did anybody suggest the simple answer that, like other techniques and means of communication, TV is neither good nor bad in itself, but only as it is used. More pointed and practical discussion of the subject was heard on a bus from two smart, North Country businesswomen whose husbands hankered for TV in the home. Both housewives ruled it out as a waster of time and spoiler of children.

HORSES are among the good things taken up by B.B.C. TV. Another is the "At Home" series, the most frankly "U" programme on TV, where viewers are not only given the freedom of some of the great homes of England, but entertained by hosts often much more charming than professional entertainers. During the visit to Penshurst, a conscientiously democratic American visitor was bowled over by the charm of Sir Philip Sidney's descendants.

Miss Pat Smythe is herself, of course, the best of Good Things. So to-night's "At Home," when the perfect guide, Hywel Davies, takes us to Miserden to visit Miss Smythe and Tosca and Prince Hal, should be triply attended at your sets.

—*Freida Bruce Lockhart*



The Gramophone

THE PALE GHOSTS FLEE

IT is becoming more and more apparent that there is likely to be a big swing away from the immature moanings and groanings of those "fly-by-night" characters who have been enjoying some kind of phoney success during the past year. The joke's over, the gimmick's worn itself to a standstill, and what has been dished out as fresh talent now lies completely without make-up, for all to see just how ineffective it really is.

The first "hit" recordings of 1956 have recently been released, and it is not surprising that they have been made by singers with many years' experience to their credit.

SINATRA sings, with the aid of a vocal group, a pleasing enough though uninspiring song, "Look To Your Heart," but it is his version of "Love and Marriage" which becomes a must. Doubtless this'll be given the gramophonic, microphonic, televisionary works by all and sundry; happily, however, there will be no interpretation to touch that made by Frank Sinatra. (Capitol CL. 14503.)

"Tennessee" Ernie Ford, on the other hand, offers two recordings for our pleasure. On the first he presents "Sixteen Tons" and "You Don't Have To Be A Baby To Cry." I'll be amazed if this record doesn't have phenomenal sales. (Capitol CL. 14500.) The second Ernie Ford is "The Ballad of Davy Crockett" from the new Walt Disney picture, *Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier*, coupled with "Farewell" from the same film. "Tennessee" Ernie Ford uses his fine voice with successful and, indeed, devastating effect, and most certainly shows why the wane of those "fly-by-nights" must be upon us at any moment now. (Capitol CL. 14506.)

—*Robert Tredinnick*

At the Pictures

Elsbeth Grant

THE DOLEFUL DUMPS



WOMEN OF THE TRIBE, headed by Ula (Rita Moreno), visit Father Serra (Michael Rennie) at the mission. A scene from *Seven Cities of Gold*, the story of an expedition to claim California for Spain in the late eighteenth century



JUVENILE DELINQUENCY and its cure is the subject of *Rebel Without a Cause*, starring Natalie Wood and the late James Dean (above). Below: Margaret O'Brien, making her adult film debut in *Glory*, with John Lupton and an equine friend



I WONDER why Hollywood is so beastly to the Americans at the moment?

I confess I became a little bored with the long, laudatory series of war films presenting the United States as the noble defender, if not sole saviour, of the civilised world, and I dare say some Hollywood reaction against smug nationalism was due—but downright denigration was rather more than one had bargained for.

The latest batch of films from the home of the brave can only create the shocking impression that America is a hotbed of racial prejudice, political corruption, injustice, drug addiction, drunkenness, immorality and violent crime. The Americans are at their best when they are laughing at themselves (as in *It's Always Fair Weather*), but if the current spate of morbid movies is to be believed, they've precious little to laugh at nowadays, poor dears. Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner still wave?

"TRIAL" is intelligently written, excellently directed (by Mr. Mark Robson), beautifully acted and distinctly depressing in its implications. Mr. Glenn Ford, a professor of criminal law, is induced by Mr. Arthur Kennedy, a wonderfully glib lawyer, to defend a Mexican youth charged with the murder of a young American girl in a Southern town where Mexicans are notably unpopular.

It takes the simple professor a long time to realise that he and the Mexican are merely pawns in a political game. Mr. Kennedy is a Communist, using the case to raise enormous sums for the party funds: he has no intention of letting Mr. Ford obtain an acquittal for his client. The party line demands a martyr and Mr. Kennedy, in ice-cold blood, will supply one.

The ease with which Mr. Kennedy bamboozles the general public and the readiness with which a jury ignores the evidence submitted and brings in an unjustifiable verdict of "Guilty," are, to say the least, alarming.

The film should be a "wow" in Soviet Russia—especially as Mr. Kennedy's secretary, Miss Dorothy McGuire, throws in, for good measure, a brilliant and scathing exposé of the scandalous tactics employed by the committee investigating anti-American activities. A better argument against democracy could not have been cooked up in the Kremlin.

FOR sheer squalor, *The Man With the Golden Arm* (X Certificate) is just about unbeatable. Its setting is a Chicago slum, peopled with drunks, drug fiends, dope pedlars, dog-stealers, down-and-outs and small-time crooks. Back to this salubrious corner of the civilised world comes Mr. Frank Sinatra, cured of the drug habit after six months in hospital and eager to give up professional gambling

and get a job as a dance-band drummer.

Poverty and Miss Eleanor Parker, Mr. Sinatra's hysterical, hypochondriac wife, drive him into the old routine, which only drugs can make bearable. His girl friend, Miss Kim Novak, rescues him. In one of the most revolting sequences ever screened, Mr. Sinatra voluntarily takes the "cold turkey" cure—three drugless days and nights of writhing, raving and the tortures of the damned. If this is entertainment, lead me to the dentist's chair.

THE situation of an ordinary household invaded by three armed and desperate criminals is not new—but it has never before been quite so harrowingly exploited as in *The Desperate Hours*.



Frank Sinatra, shattered hero of *The Man With the Golden Arm*, gives himself a passport to paradise

with horror, the police net closing in.

Mr. William Wyler has directed the picture with such devilish skill that at the end of it I felt like one large exposed nerve on which a woodpecker had been at work.

Miss Dana Wynter, a pretty creature whom the British film industry rather foolishly ignored, puts up a rather good show in a rather poor film—*Secret Intervale*. She plays a Southern belle who wants to have her cake and eat it. To keep her gracious old Southern homestead in the family, she marries a rich vulgarian, Mr. Cameron Mitchell, whom she cordially despises. Repenting of her bargain, she has a stab at wrecking the marriage of Mr. Richard Egan, whom she dearly loves. A shabby lot of characters, if you ask me.

A TRIFLE to square this unbalanced account is *The Benny Goodman Story*, which tells of the band leader's career. Mr. Steve Allen illudes persuasively as Mr. Goodman while the maestro himself (off) plays that divinely pure clarinet of his.

Summer Manoeuvres, directed by M. René Clair, is an exquisite, nostalgic period piece—its setting a small French garrison town in 1914. A gay young dragoon, M. Gérard Philipe, lightheartedly wagers he will win the favours of a beautiful milliner—Mlle. Michèle Morgan, all ivory and gold. Alas, alas, M. Philipe! You should have remembered "on ne badine pas avec l'amour."

I found this a most affecting film—partly, I suppose, because one knows that the gaiety and beauty were so soon to pass

SIMONE SIMON, delightful star of *La Ronde*, covers a very different line of country in *The Extra Day*, a story of the small-part players and extras who work in British films. In this picture, which was made at Shepperton Studios for British Lion, she plays a "real life" role of a glamorous Continental film star who falls in love with a young painter





Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parkinson, from London, with their nine-year-old son Austin waiting outside the Galzig cable-car station

AMID THE TYROL'S SILVER MOUNTAINS

SKI-ING is very good at St. Anton, in the Austrian Tyrol, and the resort has a great number of visitors, many British. The new cable-car to Valluga (9300 ft.) is the highest in Austria, and has opened up some fascinating new runs. Left, a typical Tyrolean character gives a smile of welcome



With the peaks cresting about them like a sea, Vaughan-Thomas were admiring the view

The Misses G. Seguin, L. Wheeler and C. Kruger, Quebec, and Miss A. Heggvold, Ottawa



On the nursery slopes Mr. Eric Mason, from Suffolk, with his seven-year-old daughter Diana



Nicholas Waldemar Brown and Mrs. Hugh
on the balcony of the Valluga terminus

Mr. John Cronin, M.P., with his wife
and their daughters Pauline and Anne



Mr. James Buckley and Capt. Peter Welsh of the
K.R.R.C., with Miss Jan Wilson from Sydney



Above, Martin Savage with Dr. and Mrs. Oswald Savage. Below : Dr. and Mrs. Michael Ashby with F/Lt. and Mrs. H. Liddell

Baron and Baroness de Westenholz, who live in Hertfordshire, with their children, Antoinette, Charles and Piers



Standing By

TO SLEEP—PERCHANCE TO STEAM

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IT was in a Turkish bath near Charing Cross, according to well-founded rumour, that a very fine poet who died not long ago composed a notable song imploring his dearest friends in all humility to keep a place for him in Paradise. Refrain :

*You with your teeth that hardly fit,
And you with your idiot grin,
Open wide those heavenly Gates,
And let poor Hilary in;
Poor old Hilary, dear old Hilary—
Let poor Hilary in.*

Plenty of good verse has come out of Turkish baths, undoubtedly. They still offer refugees from Progress a hiding-place ensuring repose, refreshment and tranquil meditation, and we were pleased to read last week that 150 citizens of Scarborough (pop. 44,130) seek this precious Byzantine solace monthly in their municipal hummums ; representing a Scarborovian élite, you may observe, somehow overlooked by Sir Osbert Sitwell in that fascinating survey of the local fauna called *Before the Bombardment*. No urgent matter of hygiene at 5s. per month is involved here either, we guess. With the North Sea at his door every Scarborough citizen can keep himself sufficiently sweet and clean for all practical purposes at no cost whatsoever.

Afterthought

RECALLING a dramatic clash we witnessed some years ago in a Highland coastal village between a hot, shy, dusty little Cambridge don on a walking-tour and a hairy, glowering, frightful local cateran :

DON (nervously) : Er—could you possibly tell me if there is a bath in the village ?

CATERAN (with a sweeping gesture embracing the adjacent Atlantic from Kintyre to Cape Wrath) : And iss Cot's creat peautiful path not coot enough for you whateffer ? (Collapse of Academic Party.)

Good luck, in conclusion, to the 150 escapists of Scarborough, and may they soon emerge from their Turkish refuge in

procession, floodlit, headed by the municipal band, and escorted by loudspeaker-vans bawling "Tread softly ! You tread on their dreams!" (End message.)

Lunar

"BILGE," the new Astronomer-Royal's word for all space-travel chatter, has grievously upset a number of citizens who believe that flying to the moon would make them happy (they should see the look on Nanny's face).

It seems to this department doubtful, alas, if even those citizens most directly affected by the moon would be happy on it. We refer to philatelists, bigamists, letter-writers to the Press, types who turn at full moon into werewolves, and in fact every kind of citizen covered by a Gaiety song of our golden infancy :

"I'm such a silly when the moon comes out !
I hardly seem to know what I'm about . . ."

Amid those ghastly white silences we can see such boys and girls skipping and whooping for joy at first, but soon relapsing into discontent and nail-biting as before. There are only two reliable guidebooks to the moon, so far as we know, by Cyrano de Bergerac and H. G. Wells respectively. Both promise lunar trippers a hell of a time.

You pipe up and allege that neither Wells nor Bergerac ever went anywhere near the moon. This is a commonplace in the travel-book racket hardly worth mentioning, and we pass on to our point, which is that maybe Nanny is right. Since happiness can come only from within, says Nanny, to fly through interstellar space in pursuit of it seems just too damned silly for words. Wipe your nose, you little twerp, says Nanny, and pop off to bed.

Faery

DOWN in the department of Puy-de-Dôme, France, one more Flying Saucer has made a belated and not very interesting appearance. Luminous, circular, a yard in diameter, fringed with steely



filaments, and flying low, it pursued a local shepherd fifty yards till he turned and shook his stick at it. Whereupon it vanished.

And as apparently it carried no crew of little men in pointed hats, as testified on oath by that Texan citizen who scooped the world's headlines a couple of years ago, for us the Puy-de-Dôme story is out. Little men are the test in every such case. We learned a lot about them from our late regretted Robert Benchley, who was once followed by six tiny men, or elves, down Fifth Avenue and into his bank. The great thing is not to panic. Popping eyes, fumbling fingers, and a tendency to dribble do a big bank no good, as Benchley was forced to point out to the manager when he hinted at calling a cop.

Sequel

THIS conversation ensued, as noted in Benchley's diary :

"Well, Mr. Benchley, it's not usual."
"Usual ? Of course it's not usual. It's almost unique."

"Naturally we do everything to meet our clients—"

"What's your objection—their size ?"
"Well . . ."

"Come, come, Mr. Glockenspiel, here you have six potential new accounts. You're not telling me new customers have to be measured first ?"

A practical argument, covering a graceful exit. But what Benchley did not tell the manager was that little men use fairy money, which turns after midnight into hornbeam-leaves. Before this could start worse trouble the little men suddenly deserted Benchley for one of the 278 principal-assistant-editors of *Time*. On the whole he was relieved, though naturally humiliated by such a choice. Life ! Life !

BRIGGS . . . by Graham





YOUNG RIDERS' "EIGHT TO EIGHTY" DANCE

THE Wilton Hunt Branch of the Pony Club held a very successful dance at the Assembly Rooms in Salisbury, which was attended by over 200 guests, both parents and children. Above: Robin Luckham and Julia Leech enjoy "the Gay Gordons," one of the many popular reels danced during this entertaining evening



Victor Yorke

On the stairs were Hazel Watson, Gillian Butler, Susan Guest, Penelope Guest, Jane Hurst, Jane Whitehead and Penny Martin-Jones



Miss Annette Gibbon, secretary of the Wilton Pony Club, and the very able organiser of the ball, with her fiancé, Mr. Ronald Ling



Above: Mr. G. Paul, Miss Dinah Thomas, Mr. David Gillings and Miss H. Cliff

Below: Miss Clare Harris was escorted by Mr. Patrick Dudgeon, a Naval cadet



Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

DESPATCHES FROM
FRANCE

Some of us have grown up with Mme. de Sévigné, others should seize an opportunity of meeting her for the first time. LETTERS FROM MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ (Secker and Warburg; 30s.) come to us now in English, selected and translated by Violet Hammersley, with a Preface by W. Somerset Maugham, C.H. Your reviewer confesses that this adored lady has been known to her, till now, by reputation only: she therefore hopes that her observations may not seem off the mark to lifelong admirers.

Here is one of the world's most celebrated letter writers, product of a great civilised epoch of France. She was born in 1626, and lived without losing vivacity to the age of seventy. Her heyday was during the reign of *le Roi Soleil*.

Orphaned in infancy, she became the ward of a young uncle, the delightful Abbé de Coulanges, who remained a constant character in her life: with him in girlhood she made her home at the Abbaye de Livry—which, with its gardens of honeysuckle and singing birds, was in a forest twelve miles to the east of Paris. It was at Livry, no doubt, suggests Mrs. Hammersley, that the then Mlle. de Chantal acquired her passion for nature and the countryside, so unusual in a Frenchwoman.

ALAS, the marriage arranged for Marie did not turn out well. The Abbé showed a surprising lack of judgment. Henri Marquis de Sévigné, a Breton nobleman, enthusiastically loved a number of charmers, but not his wife: he declared that he found her cold. His death in a duel about a lady left the marquise a widow at twenty-six, with two children: thereafter, she shunned society of the more *mondaine* kind her husband had sought: her own friends were, however, numerous, and distinguished. She refused to marry again, or to take a lover, which

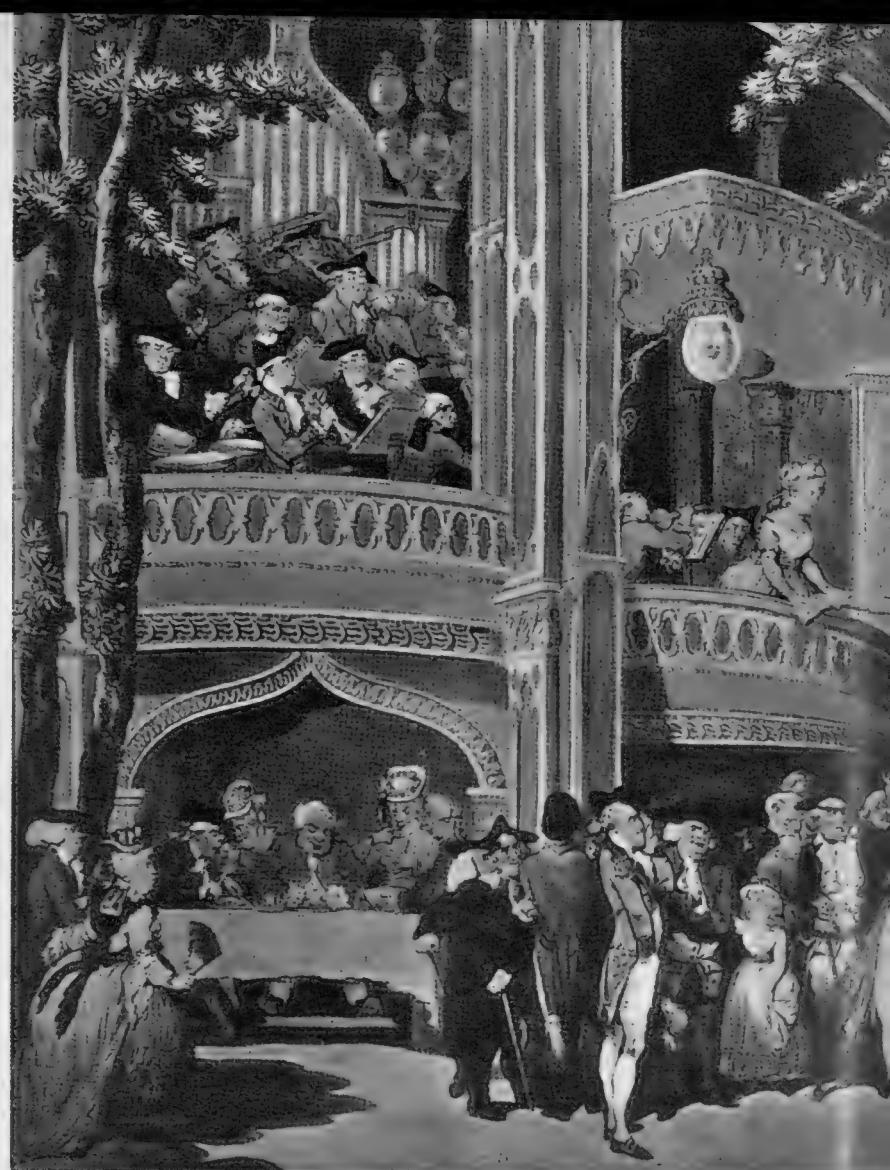
in those days was considered eccentric—possibly, it was thought, the late Marquis had been right: she lacked temperament? Nothing of the sort. Mme. de Sévigné already had found romance.

The romance was her daughter.

IT is to the daughter, Françoise, Comtesse de Grignan, that what amounts to the love-letters are written. History holds few relationships odder than this impassioned, more than maternal one. Did Mme. de Sévigné, in making her choice of a husband for the unique Françoise, deliberately go for a middle-aged, somewhat charmless man, unlikely wholly to hold the young creature's heart? Poor young Mme. de Grignan, isolated in a barrack-like château on the top of a glaring and windswept rock in Provence, had little to distract her but endless pregnancies. True, her position was important: a good deal of highly expensive, if dull, entertaining and banqueting did go on, for the Comte de Grignan was Governor of Provence. It seems that, when the marriage was made, there was talk of the Count's obtaining a post at Court, but this did not materialise. Lovely Françoise remained in what was, in her mother's eyes, sheer barbaric exile. From time to time she emerged to visit Mme. de Sévigné; but each parting occasioned still greater torture.

After one of these, in 1671, we find Madame taking refuge at Livry. She writes:

POLLY CARTLAND, mother of novelist Barbara Cartland and grandmother of Mrs. Gerald Legge, is the subject of an affectionate and moving biography, *Polly: My Wonderful Mother*, by Miss Cartland (Herbert Jenkins; 15s.). Left: Mrs. Cartland's engagement photograph taken in 1900



I left Paris . . . with the sole object of leaving the world with its sound and fury behind me for two whole days. I am trying to delude myself with the idea that I am a solitary, as in the Trappist Monastery, and that I am devoting myself to prayer and recollection, that I intend to observe a strict fast for innumerable intentions, and to exert myself by walking instead of remaining closeted in my room; and above all to suffer boredom for God's sake. Instead of all this, my dear, I shall be thinking of you, which I have not ceased doing since my arrival—indeed, to such an extent, that I was constrained to seat myself on the little mossy bank where you used to lie, at the further end of your favourite shady walk, and write to you. Every place reminds me of you, and a sword has entered my soul. . . . I see you, feel you, my thoughts turn endlessly round in my head, leaving a vacuum which cannot be filled. It is useless to think, to tear myself to pieces—my loved one is gone, is two hundred leagues away.

THIS was in March: how damp must have been the moss! Open air, at all seasons, held no terrors for her: she walked her woods at Les Rochers till after nightfall. It was from Les Rochers, the Brittany château, that the (to me) most memorable of the letters come. Her home sounds, and appears in its picture, as delightful as her daughter's was stark, and the great, deep woods never ceased to enchant her. One or sometimes two agreeable abbés helped to make the retired, long evenings pass. She read, she took care of her health, she supervised her estate—and, of course, there were always the country neighbours: lightly, her pen is dipped in malice.

Suffer and cry aloud as she might, this lady was never merely doleful. Celebrated indeed she was as a wit. She was never long alone, or in one place—we have diverting mishaps on journeys. She was a country-house visitor *par excellence*.





The Invitation to Mira

REQUESTINO

Her Company to Vaux Hall Garden.



VAUXHALL GARDENS, where for 200 years Londoners took their pleasure in the open air, are the subject of the beautifully-produced and illustrated *Green Retreats*, by W. S. Scott (Odhams; 18s.). Left: Rowlandson's renowned cartoon of the Gardens, showing famous habitués, including the Prince of Wales (later George IV.) and Dr. Johnson with his cronies. Above, opening of "The Invitation to Mira," one of Lockman's Vauxhall ballads, sung in 1738

She kept more than abreast with the affairs of her day: here are a hundred glancing sidelights on history, intimate little glimpses of famous happenings—wars, political crises, the arrival in France of England's evicted monarch James II. (As to all that, she felt *very* strongly.) It would have been torture not to know what went on at Court: from time to time she spends a day at Versailles. She idolises the dear King; the rise and fall of his successive mistresses entrals her.

No, decidedly these are not the letters of a solitary. Her plump, short face, with its wide-apart, watchful eyes and pretty, just too demure mouth conveys intense self-possession—this is no dreamer! The head, one could have imagined, governed the heart. Did she, one wonders, rather wear down her daughter? Mme. de Grignan, as though scared by the lengths to which maternal passion could go, seems singularly listless about her own children: she had a way of scattering them around in convents....

The de Sévigné son, Charles, a highly engaging creature from all we hear of him, with his bright ideas and miscarried love-affairs, Madame handled with unfailing humour and tact. Her letters to other, masculine, correspondents are models of smiling, intelligent good sense. The selection made by Mrs. Hammersley would appear inspired: it cannot, of course, give one the whole picture. Beautiful work has been done on the translation.

★ ★ ★

OLD FATHER ANTIC, by Barbara Worsley-Gough (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), is a stylish, endearing family comedy. How can a busy man know his

own children? Our attractive middle-aged hero, Esmond Moorfield, looks around him with amusement, wonder and slight dismay at the five young beings under his roof: somehow they have accumulated, these sons and daughters, and his wife, Sally, the darling, has brought them up—that is to say, so far. Now, Esmond may hope to take rather more hand. His career as a successful Chancery barrister has been crowned by a Judgeship: this should allow him rather more leisure for home life. True, he enters the picture somewhat late in the day.

Three of the young Moorfields are already, at least nominally, grown-up; a fourth is on the point of making her débüt. Serious Gavin, aspiring Helen, uncomplicated Richard, lovely, bumptious Caroline and detached Guy (who is fifteen, and the youngest) react to their father's interest with mild surprise.

THIS new attention to their coming and goings is gratifying, if also a slight embarrassment. Poor Helen, with her wet, rude, highbrow young men (of whom Dougal Binder, "the Tea Leaf," is a superb example) and her good looks ruined by arty dressing, is in most evident need of aid.

Caroline doesn't want to be a deb: she knows, she considers, something worth two of that. And there's Lucy, mouse in distress, for whom Gavin (to everybody's relief) forsakes his reigning suburban charmer....

IN THE ROLE OF ORPHEUS, her last great performance at Covent Garden: an illustration from *Kathleen Ferrier*, by Charles Raby (Robert Hale; 15s.), a well-written and illuminating biography of a great and lamented artist of whom the world, too late, can never learn too much

I cannot summarise the many delicious episodes in *Old Father Antic*, nor can a review convey—one can no more than report—the handsome diversity of the characters. Cosy Sally, her ever-feminine mother Lady Fishingport, and Esmond's subtle *confidante* Lydia Comfrey, are a trio in any of whose company you'll be glad to find yourself. This novel has but one defect (and a rare one)—in view of its total enjoyability, it is too short: I, for one, could have happily done with more. Gay, friendly and worldly-wise, here is a winter winner.



Motoring

FOCUS ON ACCIDENTS

Oliver Stewart

My chief quarrel with road accident statistics is that they fail to differentiate clearly enough between minor accidents and major accidents. The law requires that most kinds of accidents be reported in one way or another—to the police or to insurance companies or to the owners of property involved. By its comprehensiveness the law blurs the outline of all accidents. A bent wing in a traffic jam may appear in the lists alongside a head-on collision at speed.

It is a mistake, therefore, to be guided wholly by statistics. It is a mistake to start a sentence: "Statistics show . . ." when statistics cannot show anything; they can only record past events within a rough and ready framework. Nevertheless, I must express my approval of the sixpenny booklet *Sense and Safety* which has been prepared by the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation and the Central Office of Information, and which was published on January 17th.

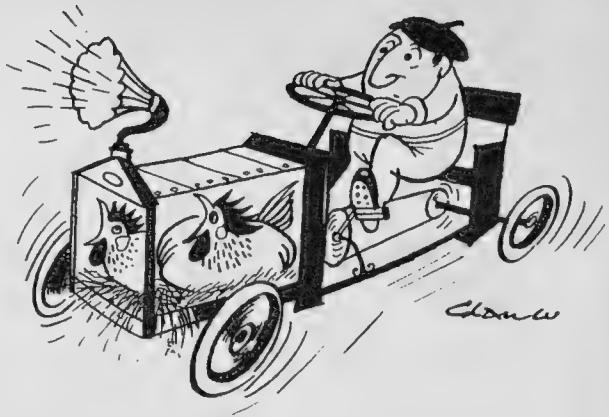
THIS booklet sorts out the crude figures and uses the broad statistical information to tell road users the kind of conduct which leads to most accidents. Thus drivers are told that "crossing road junctions carelessly" was the cause of 8,561 accidents; "turning right without due care" of 8,405 and "misjudging clearance, distance or speed" of 6,174, the figures being, presumably, for 1954.

Motor-cyclists are told that "going too fast for safety" was their main trouble, and pedestrians that carelessness in crossing the road was theirs. I noted with regret that this booklet had not the courage to refer to two road users who contrive to be at once the cause of many accidents and the object of sympathy when accidents occur. I mean the wildly wobbling child cyclists and tricyclists, and the cyclists who will not fit a good rear light.



The truth is that while some road users are entirely uncontrolled, the schemes for controlling the others are without value. In spite of all this I repeat that I welcome this little booklet. It is published by Her Majesty's Stationery Office.

CORRESPONDENTS have kindly written commenting upon my remarks the other day about a road surface which was iced over but which showed no sign of its condition to the eye of the driver. This



condition appears to be more frequent to-day than it used to be and it seems to occur where a road surface is of the rough, black, kind that gives such a good grip in all temperatures above freezing.

It seems that the condition does not arise from the freezing of droplets of moisture between the raised, non-skid points, but from the accretion of a certain kind of ice on the non-skid points themselves. Whatever the technical explanation, it remains that drivers should appreciate that the eye is not always a trustworthy judge of the slipperiness or the iciness of a surface. The only safe course seems to be to check the tyre adhesion (by touching the brakes for example) whenever the surface changes when the weather is favourable to ice-formation.

NEWS that Mike Hawthorn is to drive for B.R.M. was well received everywhere.

It is especially important that the best possible driver should be available now that Mr. Owen has a fair chance of seeing some return in racing successes for the large sums of money he has spent in this patriotic support of British racing.

Reports say that the B.R.M. is bursting with power, but that there are still defects in the road holding. One of these defects it appears, was cured by suspension adjustments, so that there is a reasonable hope that any others will also be cured in time for the big events. The attempt to cure road holding and steering defects by the addition of strategically placed ballast seems basically wrong. The proper cure is suspension adjustment. And this seems to be an answer which may be within reach for the B.R.M.



COMPETITORS IN THE MONTE CARLO RALLY ARRIVE AT THE DOVER CHECK-POINT

Miss Anne and Miss Christine Neil wore ski suits for the journey. Most of the competitors were late arriving from Glasgow

Mr. Sydney Allard, a former winner of the Rally, and his brother Thomas checked their maps while other competitors were coming in

Mrs. Lilian Ashfield, Mrs. Wilton Clark and Miss Mary Handley Page had a hot drink. They were driving a Standard Vanguard



Dick Ewart

Clansmen rally to the Chief of the Camerons

CLAN CAMERON will congregate from all over the world at Achnacarry, Inverness-shire, ancestral home of their chief, Cameron of Lochiel, on June 16th.

This will be the first opportunity the clan—one of the oldest in Scots history—has had of discussing its affairs with the twenty-sixth chieftain, Donald Hamish Cameron, who succeeded his father in 1951, the only recent clan rally being the World Gathering in 1938.

The Lochiel, who will preside at this year's rally, was educated at Harrow and Balliol College, Oxford. He joined the Lovat Scouts in 1929, and finished his service in 1945 as lieut.-colonel. In 1955 he left London to manage his estates in Inverness-shire.

He married Miss Margaret Gathorne-Hardy, of Henley-on-Thames, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, in 1939. They have four children, two boys and two girls, and an ancestry with deep roots in Scottish history. A Cameron helped to establish Robert the Bruce on the Scottish throne. A later Cameron was a faithful follower of Mary, Queen of Scots, and in recognition of his services she elected the Cameron lands into the Barony of Lochiel.

During the troubled period of the Civil War of 1649, Sir Ewan Cameron so harried Cromwell on his march north that the Roundheads had to build a fort at Inverlochy. Finally submitting to General Monk, he was taken to London. He was kept there until the restoration of Charles II. in 1660. Still a Jacobite, in 1689 he summoned the clans by fiery cross to his Lochaber house and joined with Claverhouse at Killiecrankie, where they defeated General Mackay, although Claverhouse—"Bonnie Dundee"—was killed. When the Earl of Mar raised the curtain on the '15 rebellion, Sir Ewan rallied his clan again, although in his eighties.

WHEN Bonnie Prince Charlie landed in Scotland to raise the flag on his father's behalf, Sir Ewan's grandson—was head of the clan. Donald Cameron was reluctant to join Charles although he later marched with the Young Pretender and finally escaped to France with him after Culloden. That same year, 1746, the old castle at Achnacarry was burned to the ground by Cumberland's men. The present house stands near its site. The photograph shows The Lochiels with their eldest son, Donald Angus, and their younger son John.



THESE clothes, photographed by Michel Molinare at West Wycombe Park, the lovely home of Sir John and Lady Dashwood, are picked from the new season's collections just arriving in the London shops. They are good examples of what women will be wearing outdoors in the country—and for indoor evenings where the central heating is good.

—MARIEL DEANS

To see the country winter out



Left: This exceptionally tough sheepskin jacket, being fully buffed brown suede without, thick white wool within, is the warmest thing going for cold weather in the country. You can wear it with a sweater and slacks or over a suit. From Gordon Lowe, Brompton Arcade

Above: A high-buttoning dull red tweed suit that will be at Jaeger in Regent Street, in a few weeks' time. It can be worn with or without the black leather belt that matches the jacket buttons

Above right: A very thick jacket cut on the lines of a man's duffle coat. The heavy camel-coloured Italian material is reversible and the inside of the jacket shows the beige and green tartan side. This coat together with the nice string-coloured wool sweater and fern-green smooth worsted skirt comes from Lillywhites of Piccadilly

Below right: A Swiss knitted three-piece from Simpsons. The loose-fitting grey jacquard jacket is double-breasted and fastens low with four jet buttons. The cocoa-coloured short-sleeved jersey and straight skirt are of extremely fine wool





Above left: A short evening dress of glowing pink, blue and gold sari-material. Simply made, the beauty of this dress lies in the material and in the draping of the bust. From Harvey Nichols

Above: This short dance dress of peacock blue silk taffeta is from Finnigans of Bond Street. The beautiful fluted line of its décolletage merges into diagonal tucks across its long bodice

Continuing — TO SEE THE
COUNTRY WINTER OUT

“*En grande toilette*” in a famous Georgian mansion

Right: A ball dress from Switzerland, grey lace mounted on a flesh pink faille foundation. Further layers of grey tulle makes a stiffly jutting fullness at the back. From Harrods





Clayton Evans



SCOTTISH OPTION

OUR choice this week was made at Jenners of Edinburgh and, naturally enough, in that lovely but windswept northern city, we found it appealing because it's such an excellent outfit for keeping out the winter cold. The very warm lightweight coat of camel-coloured Crombie cloth is double breasted with a good-sized collar to turn up when the wind is behind you. It costs 16 gns. and comes from Jenners. Take off the coat and you have (left) this very warm pure wool sweater. Long, delta-sleeved, high necked, classically plain, it is made of walnut brown lambswool and costs £3 19s. 6d. Gaberdine slacks, £5 15s. 6d. The pure silk Paisley square (above) of which lemon yellow is the predominant colour, costs £1 15s. The gloves of knitted yellow wool with cape palms are 59s. 6d.

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK by Mariel Deans





Dennis Smith

Left: Silk and wool are the materials of this inexpensive scarf of blue and yellow colourings. It is from Elizabeth Arden, and costs £1 5s.

Scarf Dance

STOLES and scarves for day and evening wear are in ever-increasing demand to meet the revival of a charming Victorian fashion, and can be seen in the shops in an infinite variety of shapes and designs. We show here a selection of some of the prettiest and most striking

—JEAN CLELAND



Left: Luxurious silk and wool French stole, with jacquard design giving a quilted effect. Price £7 7s. from Debenham & Freebody

Right: Soft, cosy and smart. A green mohair stole threaded with black velvet. It costs £8 18s. 6d. and may be obtained from Jaeger



Above: Pure silk square from Switzerland, with coloured flowers on a black background. Debenham & Freebody, £2 7s. 6d.



Above: Satin ribbon scarf with rosebud design, £1 1s. Gilt and pearl necklace, £1 1s. 9d. Debenham & Freebody

Below: Jacqmar's new ribbon cravats give an elegant touch to a plain dress or suit, 15s. Pearl and gunmetal spray, £5 15s. 6d.



Beauty

It's Foolish but It's Fun

How often have you heard it said by someone giving a party: "Let's ask so-and-so, she's fun!"

No wonder "so-and-so" gets plenty of invitations. People like that give a lift to any gathering. She's gay and light of heart, and sometimes a bit unconventional and ready to amuse and be amused.

In these days, when we are reminded at every turn that life is grim, and life is earnest, what we need is a little fun, and the best kind is that which we make ourselves. The sort of fun that bubbles up from within. It springs from a sense of humour, a spirit of adventure, and the willingness to try anything once; even at times to go a bit crazy.

To create this sort of fun, one must start by refusing to take oneself—or other people for that matter—too seriously; to stop saying "I don't think I ought to do this" or "I should look silly if I did that." To try out one's wings and see what happens.

Do you sometimes envy the women who get fun by looking different; who are not afraid to try out new ideas, and laugh if they make mistakes? Why not stop envying them, and do the same for yourself. Even the smallest thing can give a woman a fresh sparkle, and here are a few suggestions.

Do you usually wear neat, good, discreet jewellery? Try wearing the other kind for a change; the bold costume jewellery, among which you can find such elegant designs. A choker necklace, a heavy gold—or gilt—bangle, chunky ear-rings, a large clip, or a rope of pearls wound round and round the throat.

Do you never, never wear coloured nail varnish? Well, try some for a change; you can always take it off if you don't like it. Get a lipstick to match, and if you want to go really gay, varnish your toe-nails, too, just for the fun of it.

You've never tried eye shadow? Well experiment with a little just to see how it looks. Try a soft blue with a darker blue mascara on the lashes, or a brown shadow if your eyes are dark, and a brown or black mascara.

You've never had your eyebrows plucked? What a pity. Any good salon or hairdresser will do it for a few shillings, and you will be surprised how much better groomed you will look with eyebrows which are tidy and nicely arched.

Are you resigned to the fact that your hair is an uninteresting colour? A little "mousy" perhaps, or just going grey—betwixt and



"PISA"—hairstyle for a festive mood, as gay as you expect your evening to be—and it will help to make it so. By French of London

between? Why put up with it when there are such lovely colour tints available? In an endless variety of beautiful shades, these are so subtle that they give colour and life to the hair in a way that looks perfectly natural.

You've always had long hair, but secretly longed to know what it would look like short. You'll never know till you try. Let a good hairdresser cut it off, and re-shape it for you. Ten to one it will make you look younger, and the husband who said "I'll leave you if you even dare do such a thing," will eat his words, and stay to admire and applaud. At the worst it will grow again in time. You can have a switch made of your own hair, to wear until it does.

You'd like a little something extra for a party night? Try wearing flowers or feathers, or some of the new enchanting hair ornaments in your coiffure. Some of them are quite lovely, and others are just foolish, but they're fun.

Have you been having the same sort of "perm" for a long time, and never feeling quite pleased with it? Why go on in the same old rut? Try a different kind of "perm"; there are many varieties, and what suits one may not suit another. Go to a good hairdresser, get him to make a *test* curl, and then let him decide what is best for you.

Have you ever had a really good facial treatment? If not, you can have no idea what a "youthifying" effect that has on your face. Dismiss the idea that it is nothing more than an expensive frippery. No doubt you spend more money on other things. A facial treatment is—believe me—no waste of time. It is time and money well spent. It makes you relax, it tightens up the contours, it braces slack muscles, it smoothes away wrinkles, makes you forget your worries, and sends you out looking years younger.

How long is it since you tried a new scent? There is adventure in this, because scent can subtly change your personality. Experiment with something different, and take your time when making a choice. Test out first one and then the other from the small bottles that are there for the purpose in all good perfumery departments, until you find something that's right for you. Not only right, but exciting. Then be extravagant, and get soap and essence, toilet water and dusting powder to go with it. There is nothing like this for making you feel gay and expensive.

No doubt you—as most of us do—spend a lot of thought and time on your home and your family. Try spending a little on yourself. It pays good dividends, and will be fun, not only for you, but for them. Make a start with anything that is new, and remember that "C'est le premier *foris qui complète*."



—Jean Cleland

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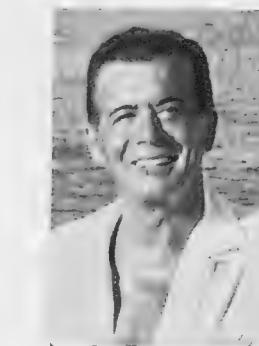
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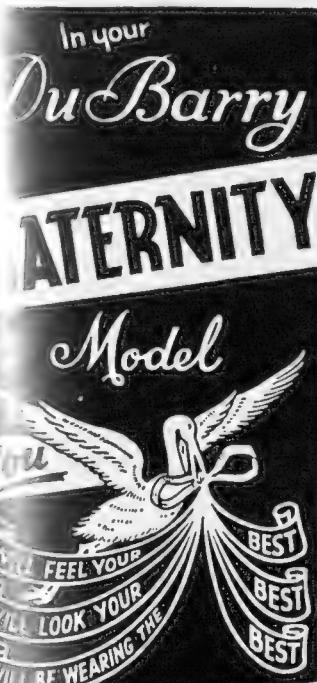
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Miss Joy Florence Elizabeth Joelson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Joelson, of The Cottage, North Park, Gerrards Cross, Bucks, is engaged to Mr. Barry Jenkinson, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. G. H. Jenkinson, of Astbury Hall, Bridgnorth



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Miss Margaret Delamotte Hutton, elder daughter of Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. A. F. Hutton, of Newlyn, Gerrards Cross, Bucks, has announced her engagement to Mr. Christopher John Petheram, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Petheram, of The Fairway, Hook Heath, Woking, Surrey

THEY WERE MARRIED

Payne—Foster. At St. Peter's Church, Worfield, Salop, Mr. Charles Gilmour Payne, son of the late Major R. S. Payne and of Mrs. Payne, of Milnhead, Dumfries, married Miss Kathleen Ann Foster, daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Foster, of Newton House, Bridgnorth, Salop



Graham—Austin. Mr. John A. N. Graham, son of Sir Reginald Graham, Bt., V.C., O.B.E., and Lady Graham, of Findhorn Place, Edinburgh, married Miss Marygold H. G. Austin, daughter of Lt. Col. C. G. Austin and Lady Lilian Austin, of Micheldever, Hants



Stepto—Ratcliffe. The wedding took place recently at St. John's Church, Maesbrook, near Oswestry, Shropshire, of Capt. Alan Stepto, R.A., of Brisbane, Australia, and Miss Rhoda Ratcliffe, of Ainsdale House, Maesbrook



Drysdale—Gascoigne. Mr. Andrew Watt Drysdale, son of Sir Matthew and Lady Drysdale, of Egerton Crescent, S.W.3, married Miss Merida Gascoigne, daughter of Major-Gen. Sir Julian and Lady Gascoigne, of Onslow Square, London, S.W.7, at St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield

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DINING OUT

Haute cuisine by rail

"GIVE a dog a bad name" certainly refers to catering on British Railways. It comes in for more abuse than anything else I can think of and often from people who possibly have not used a dining car, a railway buffet or a railway hotel for years.

I recently booked a hotel room for a friend who had been in Canada since 1932. His face registered horror when I told him he was booked in at the Great Western Hotel at Paddington. "Why," he asked, "have you put me in that dump where you have to walk half a mile down a draughty corridor for a bath?" He seemed surprised when I explained that this uncomfortable prelude to a bath would be somewhat difficult to perform as almost all the two hundred bedrooms had private bathrooms, and he was even more amazed when shown to a modern bedroom with every comfort and efficient central heating.

In the restaurant he found an extensive bill of fare: Table d'hôte luncheon at 10s. 6d. and dinner at 12s. 6d. They also have an *à la carte* menu giving a wide choice of fish and entrées for which you have to wait from fifteen to twenty minutes, which is as it should be. As for the roasts, four can sit down to an Aylesbury duck for 40s. or a *Poulet Reine* at 35s.

British Railways have one of the most comprehensive cellars in the country, the wine list at the Great Western specializing in vintage clarets. They also put up some wines in quarter-bottles, which is handy for solitary diners of small capacity or for people in a hurry.

IT is the same at the Charing Cross Hotel which has been completely modernized at considerable expense and has 230 bedrooms, a very high proportion of which have their own bathrooms or showers. Apart from the table d'hôte luncheon and dinner, almost everything on the *à la carte* menu is cooked to order and a new cocktail bar is on the way. All this activity comes under the direction of the General Manager, F. G. Hole.

The refreshment room and dining car side of the business inherited a vast number of ill-maintained and ill-equipped establishments, mostly unaltered for sixty years or more. In 1948, there having been little or no maintenance throughout the war years, there were only twenty bars out of 435 to which the word "modern" could possibly be applied. The chief of these services, E. K. Portman-Dixon, was faced with the prodigious job of modernizing the whole system, and has to find most of the money for this purpose out of revenue. Some of the grumblers should tour round and see what has been done and not continually complain about what has not.

Take the new lounge bar "The Royal Scot" at Euston: a smart affair with not only a bar to lean on but waitress service for light meals at the table, where you can choose your own steak and watch it being grilled if you wish. Then there is the "Golden Arrow" Bar at Victoria; the self-service buffets at Victoria, Waterloo, and dozens of other points; and the all-night cafeteria car service on the "Starlight" Expresses to Scotland. In addition every effort has been made to improve the meals in the dining-cars on the trains themselves.

A GUIDE published in America about touring in England in 1955-56 described railway catering in England as being the most appalling the author had experienced anywhere in the world, naming the restaurant at Waterloo Station as being the "Class Z" example. A friend and I lunched there, unheralded and unknown, on two different occasions during recent weeks. On one occasion we went in deliberately early and on the second did not arrive until 2.15 p.m. On both visits we received excellent service. For the second meal we had celery soup, poached turbot, some very good roast beef, cheese, all of high quality, together with a bottle of Mâcon, the bill for two amounting to 30s. 6d. I do, however, consider the wine list to be much too short. What they have is excellent value but you have practically no choice.

- I. Bickerstaff



Harcourt

VERCELLI, of the Berkeley Grill, came to England in 1913, his tutors here including Escoffier at the Carlton and Soi at the Savoy. He went to the Berkeley in 1921 with Ferraro, later transferring to the Grill. His son recently won a scholarship to Harvard, where he is now studying architecture



Delia Dudgeon

DINING IN

The fruits of winter

WHAT a welcome sight they are!—tiny golden-pink apricots and rosy-cheeked peaches from South Africa and little footballs of pure yellow Jaffa Jordan seedless grapefruit from Israel. They bring an almost summer gaiety to otherwise dull market streets. Ten thousand boxes of apricots, 60,000 trays of peaches—grapefruit galore!

The peaches and the grapefruit will be with us for some time, but the apricots are very quickly gone—almost as soon as they arrive, as I have always found. As soon as I see them, therefore, I buy some to poach, "just as they are," in a not-too-thick syrup, cracking a fair number of the stones, pouring boiling water over the kernels and then peeling them and adding the little "almonds" to the dish. For a very special *compôte*, add, at the last minute, a tablespoon or so of Kirsch.

Barely poach them, too, to fill a flan shell, coating them with a glaze made by the addition of a scant teaspoon of arrowroot to the boiling syrup, which will clear at once. With only half-whipped double cream, this is as good a sweet as anyone can have. Simple, but there is something very pleasing in simplicity.

THEN there are Apricot Fritters, which I suggest that you might try. Make a batter by beating well together 4 oz. plain flour, a pinch of salt, a large egg and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint rich top milk. Leave it to rest for at least 2 hours, so that the batter will lose its elasticity and will remain on the fruit in the hot fat. Finally, stir in a dessertspoon of arachide (or peanut) oil.

Meanwhile, halve and stone a pound of apricots. Sprinkle them with 2 oz. sugar and a dessertspoon of rum and let them rest for an hour, giving them a slight stir now and then. Heat some deep frying oil (I prefer arachide or peanut, because it is thin and does not cling). Lift out the apricots, drop them in the batter, then fry them in the quite hot oil until golden brown. At once, drain on absorbent paper. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve immediately before the sugar has lost its whiteness.

White-fleshed peaches, I think, are better raw, simply as dessert, than cooked, but there are also some lovely dishes such as Peach Melba, for which raspberry (Melba) sauce can be bought ready to use. A more simple dish, however, is made by slicing the skinned peaches in thin wedges and sprinkling them with sugar and a little Kirsch. Just before serving, coat them generously with half-whipped double cream.

FOR a cooked dish, Peach Conde can be a delicious sweet, but it can also be a little stodgy. I prefer to make a creamed rice with, say, a cup of the best quality round variety. Wash it well, cover it with boiling water for a minute, drain and cover with 3 cups boiling milk, flavoured with a vanilla pod placed in the cold milk and brought to the boil. Add also a pinch of salt and simmer to cook the rice. Just before it is ready, add sugar to taste.

Leave to become cool. Stir in 2 to 3 tablespoons of single cream. Turn into glasses, top with slightly sweetened poached sliced peeled peaches and add about a dessertspoon of Kirsch to each serving.

I have often written of fresh fruit salads, but here is a reminder: When you remove the skin from peaches and pears, put the peelings in a bowl with a little lemon juice and mash them with a wooden spoon. Squeeze the resultant liquid into the prepared fruit. The chef who gave me that tip remarked that it was this "essence" that made his fruit salads so much better than those of anyone else. Another tip is to rub sugar cubes on orange rind to absorb the "zest," then add them to the salad.

AN excellent addition to fruit salads are those enormous Jaffa Jordan seedless grapefruit, especially when a little of their "zest," gathered on sugar cubes, is included. But for a change try grilled grapefruit, as I suggested some little time ago. Halve and prepare them in the usual way, sprinkle them with Demerara crystals and grill them very quickly.

Recently, I have found South African kumquats in the shops. They are very pleasing as a *compôte* by themselves. I find that the best way to prepare them is this: Run a sharp skewer through each in several places. Cover them with water and boil until the skins are soft. Add sugar to make a syrup. When they are translucent, they are ready and are better if left to rest in the syrup overnight. A little Grand Marnier helps to emphasize their flavour. Kumquats can also be added, with their syrup, to fruit salads.

- Helen Burke

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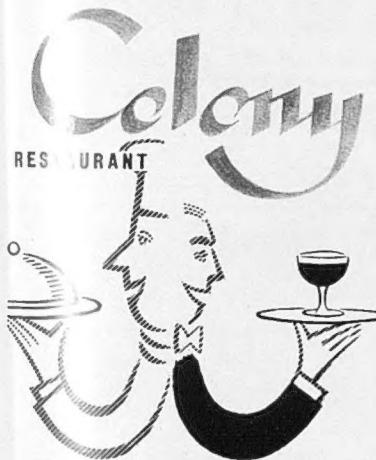
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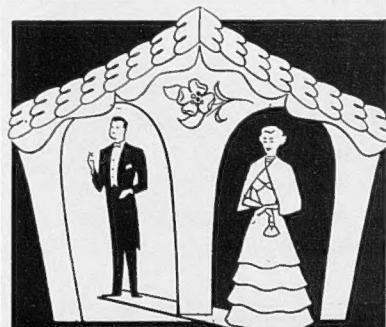
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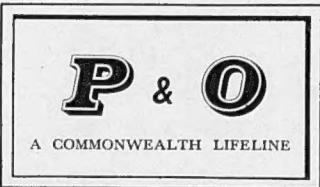
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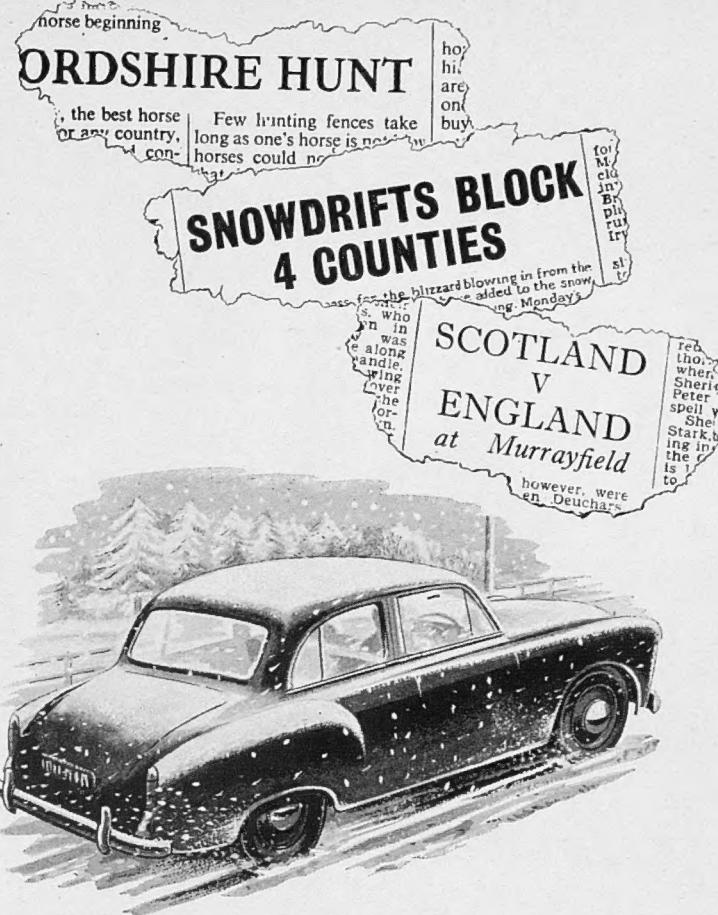
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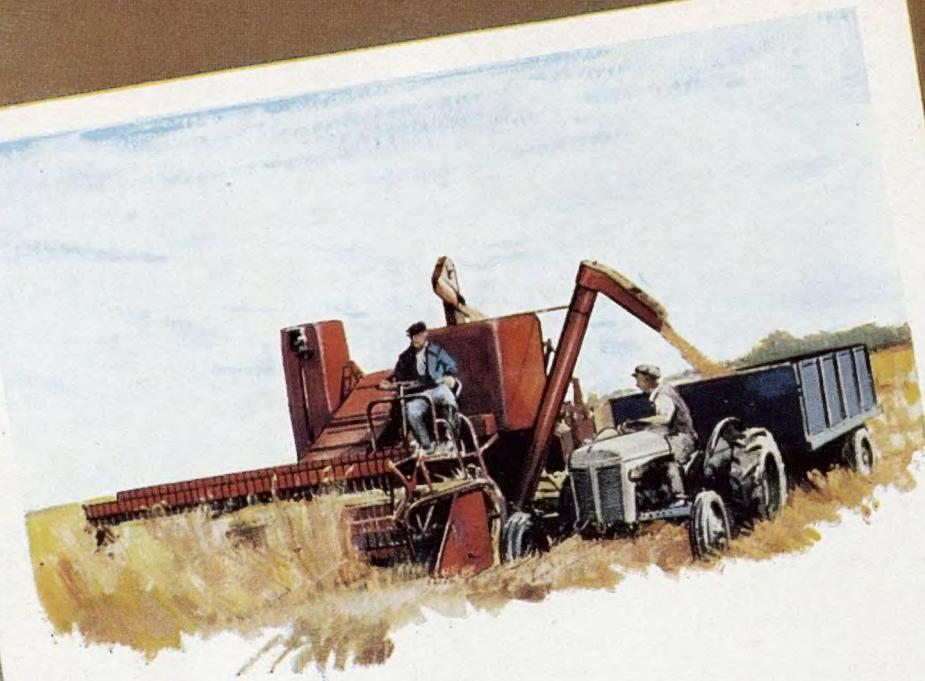
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